CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLV. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1917. NO. 18.

THE WAR SECRET

-:- Or, -:-

Beyond Frozen Seas

By E. W. Bateman

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

HAD one been passing a certain well-kept house in an old residence section of London during the early days of the great war which set all England in turmoil, he would have seen gazing from its front window, on one August afternoon, a stalwart young man in the early twenties.

"A likely youngster," he would have thought. "Young English nobleman, no doubt, thinking of doing his bit."

In that he would have been mistaken. Richard Kalmaik, young, handsome and wealthy, was simply an outcast from his native America. A Virginian by birth, he had been driven in his college days from his own country by an innocent bit of hazing by a bunch of young students in which he had played a part. A lad was seriously hurt and the storm which had broken fell upon Kalmaik's head solely.

In school he had been a noted athlete, for his might of body had been inherited from a sturdy line of Norse ancestors; but with it he had inherited a stubborn head, a spirit unbreakable. And his pride had never forgiven the blow it had received. He had lived for three long years an expatriate; lived in every clime, suffered many man-making experiences in trying to forget he was practically a fugitive, but innocent of any crime.

Soft lights played over Kalmaik's sitting-room as he stood by the window dreaming idly of the golden Virginia summer of his old home. His longing for that day had been sad and had softened him, as his valet soon attested when he summoned him for supper. Being African in truth, and Virginia-raised, Rufus Johnson, valet extraordinary, was likewise a weather barometer of the Kalmaik household. If Rufus scurried, the decorous English servants kept out of sight. If Rufe lagged, the household breathed freely and went its way.

"Cap'n, you sho better come git yo' dinner," admonished Rufe, with the freedom of the American servant. "It's gittin' col', en besides, you gwine to 'dress dat jography sassiety 'bout nine o'clock."

Kalmaik looked up with a smile at Rufus, who had been, as is often the case with Southerners, his boyhood playmate.

"I was just thinking, Rufe, how the bass would be biting in old Talmage Lake on a day like this one has been."

Rufe himself looked glum at this. "Jes' de same, Cap'n, we ain't there, en yo' supper ain't hardly fittes ter eat when it's hot, wid dat Frenchie cookin' it. I vises you to come right now."

Without interest Kalmaik followed the advice, and then dressed for a lecture. He remembered in a dull sort of way he had promised to address the Geographical Society upon the formations he had found in the southern Andes Mountains.

He ordered his motor car, and was soon dashing thru the streets of the great English city on the way to the modest hall where the famous body was to meet and hear him lecture. He was nearing the place when he suddenly felt his car swerve sharply, crash into something and then stop. There had been a slight accident, his chauffeur explained in a moment, on account of the slippery pavement. The tire in front had been ripped on the curb. Would monsieur wait in the car or walk about for fifteen minutes or so?

Kalmaik chose the latter, for he had been in the house for the greater part of the day. There was a small but well-lighted public park near, and he strode off in that direction, thinking to take a brisk walk over its winding paths.

He was near the entrance, when his eye fell idly upon one of the old type of English houses near. His curiosity as a builder was mildly aroused, and he studied its queer lines and overhanging upper story for a moment. He noted vaguely that only one light in the entire building burned, one in that second story which had looked so quaint.

Then, as he looked, it was suddenly snuffed out, and the air was torn by a woman's scream!

Just once that cry came, but it seemed to split the night air like the call of a trumpet. Kalmaik, startled, looked up

and down the street. There was not a man in sight, much less an officer. That they had not been articulate, yet it had said plainly the owner needed help.

Swiftly but silently the American stepped up the walk to the house. It was slightly detached from the others of the square by well-kept lawns, which precluded the possibility it was empty. He took advantage of time, treading like a cat upon the ball of his feet, and grasped the door handle. It yielded to his touch.

"Could this be a trap?" Kalmaik asked himself, then decided the cry had been genuine.

He crept slowly to the stairway, and up it step by step. His every sense of caution, trained in mountain climb and jungle trails, was now alive to tell him of any impending danger.

He made his way silently until he reached the top, when thru the gloom he seemed to hear the sibilant hiss of some one hard spent, breathing. An instant's listening convinced him. Within a few yards of him, in darkness absolute, stood a person trying to suppress a cry.

Kalmaik crouched on the landing almost to the floor, while over him surged the realization some one in trouble and the rustling in the hallway around him.

"D—n that woman!" came a snarl out of the darkness. "I tell you, Fred, she'll tell everything. We must not let her get out."

It shattered the silence like a knife, and instantly Kalmaik knew there was need of him.

The sharp breathing stopped as if a hand had choked it, and there had been over the landing with arms outstretched, his huge body tense as steel, suddenly felt the warm body of a woman dash into his arms.

"Oh, God!" she sighed, and fainted, her head falling on his shoulder.

"To the stairway!" came the voice again, and the thrill of the woman's touch was lost in the rush of blood thru Kalmaik. "She's going that way, boys. Get to that door first."

Braced, like a sturdy oak on the landing, the American held and met the shock of three men who came hurtling out of the darkness. His powerful arms stopped the rush like a wall, and his fist shot out with terrific force. It landed solidly, and an answering groan told him one assailant was down.

Then came a struggle in that four-foot space the like of which Richard Kalmaik could not recall in all his eventful days. He suddenly felt the grip of a man the equal of whom he had never measured strength with before. For a moment they struggled there, with one man and the woman under their feet. Kalmaik, his arms pinned to his sides, kept from going down the stairway headlong only because of his great bulk.

Then he played a wrestling trick he had learned from a traveling troupe in Japan. Tho his arms were bound by bands of steel, he managed to cut his breath, and for a flash they were slightly free. He slipped them around his antagonist and heaved with all his might. Feeling his grip as he did.

It was a sudden shift of fortunes, with terrible effect. Kalmaik knew it quick as death as he heard the thud of a big body as it went crashing down the stairway. There was a moment of silence, and then he heard the thud of running feet. The third man had given up the fight.

"There's not a second to lose," thought the American, as he bent down and picked the woman up in his arms and dashed for the door. He was out the street in a moment, and the fresh air revived the woman he carried.

"Thank you! Thank you, God who sent you!" she whispered to him, as he steadied her on her feet.

"What took you there?" queried Kalmaik, as they walked rapidly up the street to where he could see his car standing. He looked carefully around and saw she had wonderfully golden hair, and the fear was shadowed by a full mask, covering everything except her eyes, he could tell she was young and supple and graceful.

"Tho you saved my life," replied the woman, quickly and soberly, "I cannot tell you why I was there. Likewise, if you are seen with me, it would be dangerous for you to deal. But I want to thank you for what you did, and I want your card, that I may thank you again some day should I come thru certain things alive."

The girl—Kalmaik saw she was nothing but a child of a girl—was in deadly earnest, and he repressed a desire to smile. It did seem a little too heroic for such things to be in the heart of London.

"Do not try to follow me, please," the girl whispered to him. "I am going to leave you here. I will be safe in two minutes. Now, if you please—your card," she faltered.

Silently Kalmaik handed her a tiny square of pasteboard and the darkness of a cross-street swallowed her up in a half-minute.

"A real adventure," thought the American, as he walked toward his waiting car. "Fifteen minutes crammed full of action." Then he chuckled to himself as he rubbed the aching knuckles of his right hand. "I bet that fellow I hit has got a headache. I wonder," he mused, "if I shall ever see her again?"

In another moment he was in his car, whirling away to the lecture hall.

CHAPTER II.

A TRIPLE awry and a few minutes late, the much-traveled American caused a slight flurry in the hall when he stepped in. If the audience or the chairman of the meeting noted a disarranged dress tie, and a bright color spot in each cheek from hard exercise, they said nothing of it.

"We have waited for you, Mr. Kalmaik," said the chairman of the meeting, just before the meeting was called to order. "Dr. John Philpott of the Cilsbury Foundation of America, the most famous of the American Continent explorers, is our guest tonight. He is here with his daughter to hear your lecture, and I want you to meet him."

Doctor Philpott proved to be a short, middle-aged man, powerfully built and very capable-looking. He and Kalmaik were at home in a moment, being compatriots, and with the introductions interchanged, Doctor Philpott turned to a young woman whom Kalmaik had not noted.

"Mr. Kalmaik, I wish you to meet my daughter," said Doctor Philpott, simply, and the former received a sudden shock.

She was a slender but supple young woman, with wonderful golden hair, rather plain but clear features and so blue they sparkled with light.

The American struggled thru the introduction, and when Doctor Philpott was called, his daughter was rather hard put to keep an embarrassed silence.

"Mr. Kalmaik," she said with a merry twinkling smile, "you seem to have found a friend, and not a compatriot. Is there something terribly wrong with me, really?" she asked, with arched eyebrows.

Instantly Kalmaik found himself and laughed heartily. He was immediately impressed with the idea I had seen you before I was confused," he admitted. "Haven't we met somewhere recently, I might say almost immediately?" he asked, his eyes boring directly into her own.

The girl returned the look calmly, and it was Kalmaik who dropped his gaze. "No, I hardly think it possible, Mr. Kalmaik," he heard her say, "not only today. Perhaps it is some one else."

"Pardon me, Miss Philpott," he answered quickly, "I am sure I am mistaken. I am certainly glad, tho, to have found fellow-citizens here tonight. He bowed and made his way to the speaker's platform.

With him went the conviction, however, that the girl was the same one of the woman whom he had taken out of the house of gloom in his arms.

"If it hadn't been for the mask," he thought to himself, "it could be sure."

The lecture he gave that evening was of little interest to himself. He was fighting over and over the battle in the house, while out in the little audience to which some kings would have been glad to speak, a beautiful face gazed the glorious golden head of the girl whom he had just met. She would nod with a smile, and then look in a grave smile occasionally, and it spurred him to greatest efforts.

There were certain mild burst of applause given by scientists to a layman who speaks before them, and then the chairman arose and opened the way for Kalmaik's adventure.

"The society has open at the present time one of the greatest unsolved it can offer," he was looking at Kalmaik gravely. "It is my exploration of these very ranges of which we have just heard a great lecture. Not a general exploration, as you might imagine, but one calling for great skill and daring. Doctor Philpott will not appoint, but call for volunteers."

Kalmaik was not interested in the proposal he expected for some English explorer to volunteer. There was a moment of silence which rapidly grew into noise. Kalmaik thought it was evident that the volunteer material did not care for the hard trip promised them.

Then Doctor Philpott rose and spoke briefly, after a grateful introduction by the chairman. He explained what he desired for some one to offer, but the trip did not seem desired. He spoke of a book he was completing, and much of the peculiar manner in which the offer fitted with his work.

"I shall be glad to volunteer, without national representation, if I am granted one request. I shall make that the appointment of Mr. Richard Kalmaik as my companion, at my expense, if he will consent to the commission," said Doctor Philpott.

Kalmaik was startled, but quickly rallied himself and sprang forward to offer a polite excuse. He did not propose to take part in the trip, not because he did not care for the work, but because he was not in the mood.

Then occurred a peculiar thing so often happening in crowds. The audience before Kalmaik faded from his eyes, and a soft, girlish face, framed in gloriously golden hair, was looking at him thru a haze, nodding her head gravely and smiling quietly. He hardly knew what he was saying then, when suddenly he saw the face wreathed in happy smiles, and heard a loud clapping of hands and a polite cheer for the "hardy Americans."

"I hardly expected you would accept on the spur of the moment that way," he heard Doctor Philpott saying, with a quiet smile, and then came a quiet gripping of hands in true American style, and Kalmaik was suddenly glad he had accepted.

He went home thinking of the goldenhaired girl. He went to sleep dreaming of the happy days ahead of them, for he had learned at the last moment that she was going, too. All of which goes to prove that the average scientist cannot be subdued in spirit or embittered by misfortune.

The next morning, as he was reading the first paper brought him that the night before was recalled to him. One of the items which met his gaze read as follows:

"FOREIGN NOBLEMAN ASSAULTED.

"Last evening, while walking near Woodlock Park, Baron Friedrich Lisenger, of Erfurt, East Prussia, Germany, was assaulted, presumably by footpads. The Baron, when found, lay dragged the nobleman into a vacant house near by, after they had overpowered him. The attack was made overnight, and was found at dawn by companions who had searched the neighborhood for him. He has a severe cut in the scalp, his highness does not suffer very many ill effects from the attack. Scotland Yard men are seeking to locate his assailants and recover a wallet which, they say, valuables, had important papers of the Baron's private estate in it."

He read the item thru several times, while there his mind shot a dozen thoughts. The park, the house, where he had fought for his life—he didn't know, were where "his highness" had been dragged!

"What does it mean?" he thought, and vainly, for each time he remembered the steady look Miss Philpott had given him when he lifted the girl in his recess. "At any rate, the Baron was not intent upon anything proper when I tossed him over the stairway."

CHAPTER III.

KALMAIK'S private yacht, the Virginia, was riding at easy anchor a few days later, when we say. The American strode the bridge—he was his own skipper, as all Norsemen are born, and in his arms lifted the baby—waiting to set sail with the little expedition. Bibi his first mate, the "navigator," the bald Englishman married and deemed he have, was missing. During the night he had ordered a boat and gone ashore, and Kalmaik knew full well of his periodical sprees had firm hold on him by then.

"It is inexcusable," he said to Mate Philpott, as they stood looking vainly for the return of the missing mate. "The man knew I could not get without a first-class navigator. I liked Swanson, too, and didn't expect a trick at such a time."

"It is a glorious morning to sail," she said, with a sympathetic smile. "Why don't you summon all the crew. Perhaps Swanson is in the crew you can find one with a mate's certificate? It is often the case, you know. Then we could leave your Swanson just as he had left us."

"A splendid plan," laughed Kalmaik, "I will be glad to teach Swanson a lesson, tho I shall be forced to pay him wages for leaving him undischarged." He turned his wrath, and in a moment the crew had gathered on the deck.

"Our first mate, Mr. Swanson, has been called ashore," he told them, but was forced to laugh with the rest of his little crew who were like a family to him. "I want to know if any of you men carry a first mate's certificate."

One by one they shook their heads. The grade was hard to make, and yachting crews are not as a rule hardy seafarers. Finally the second mate spoke up.

"Captain Kalmaik, I'm not so sure, but I think our cook once told me he carried a mate's certificate. It may be first. Shall I call him?"

"Do so at once, Mr. Anderson," Kalmaik ordered.

Anderson disappeared down the companion-way, and in a moment emerged followed by a square-shouldered little man with perhaps a little fat, who had a peculiar stilt in his walk. Kalmaik was pleasantly surprised when the man spoke in the broad "a" of the Middle Western States in his speech.

"This is a regular American outfit," he whispered to Miss Philpott. Then aloud: "Mr. Anderson says that the Mr. Swanson shipped you for a cook, you have mentioned carrying a mate's qualification. What class?"

"First, sir," the man answered. "I was seeking a ship at anything when Mr. Swanson offered me the galley. I needed work the worst way. I had just come out on a cattle tub, and the seas were poor and went quickly. Here's my card, sir."

The man extended his certificate, which was in good order, as Kalmaik quickly perceived. He read the name, "Joel Gallagher," and smiled.

"Mr. Gallagher, take the bridge, order a tug, and take her out to the channel. Anderson, you will go by southeast, and step her up to nine knots under steam," ordered the skipper, while the crew grinned. "Mr. Anderson, call Rufe Johnson for me."

Rufe came questioning with his eyes, but was left long in doubt as to his fate. "Rufe, I've decided I'd rather get under way this morning than to-morrow. Get your kit ready, I hereby assign you to the cook's galley, and rustle luncheon early, please."

Rufe, for Gawd's sake, Cap'n!" had hardly died on the air before Gallagher had his men hoisting anchor in an hour the snorting little tug summoned had taken them out to the Channel, and the coasts of Northern France hurried rapidly away as the stanch little yacht cut her way toward the Atlantic. And the day's run proved sidened the distance by thousands of miles.

* * * * *

"Where do you figure her to be, Mr. Gallagher?"

The master of the Virginia had just stepped upon the bridge on a bright morning in late August, after noting that the log, dipping off about eight knots to the hour.

"As near as I can tell, Captain, we are only a hundred miles from Ushant," said the first mate, after a quick calculation on a pad he carried. "It has been some time since I made the trip, but the indications as well as the calculations tell me so. You can feel the air getting cooler early in the morning."

Kalmaik nodded, and wandered around the deck. He soon found the girl he sought for and smiled at her a merry good morning.

"We are nearing the Horn, Miss Philpott," he told her, "and there is a bit of rough going and bitter cold, but it will not be long. Do you mind?"

"A little anticipation of rounding the Horn!" she cried. "My dear sir, there's been a Philpott going the route every generation for years. This will be my first time on a yacht, but I shall not mind in the least. I'm quite a good sailor, if you haven't noticed it enough to say so yourself."

"The comparison between yourself and my own efforts at following the sea has made me jealous," he replied banteringly. "I certainly wouldn't let any woman know that I made such doings better than I could myself."

They were both silent as they occupied deck chairs for a time, and Rufe had provided for them out of reach of the searching tropical sun. Kalmaik was smoking a pipe, and the girl wondered what he would do following it. He had become rather accustomed to thinks of the morrow, but he couldn't help but wonder where the girl would go after they parted.

"Are your thoughts worth my penny?" she asked, with a smile.

He looked at her at once, but she saw he caught her hint of seriousness.

"I don't believe they are," he finally answered. "I'm still on the fence. I was wondering if I would ever see you again after this trip."

"Of course you will," she answered easily, trying to turn his serious mood. "We'll probably go back to America together, and find that we have just missed being neighbors all along."

"But I won't be going back," he said, and then—almost before he knew it—he was telling her all about himself.

It was a bitter story, and the girl smiled more than one pitying and motherly smile for the man who had been driven away to lose himself.

"And now you are probably wishing the trip was over and you had never met me," he said. "But I couldn't resist the temptation of bringing you and your father on the jolly adventure. I was hungry for the companionship of my people, the I shall never go back to them."

"But you will," she said gently. "

WE STRONGLY advise our Ledger friends not to overlook our great leader in this issue, "THE WAR SECRET"; or, BEYOND FROZEN SEAS," by E. W. Bateman. You will find it one of the most extraordinary stories you have ever read. Try it. Next week we will present as leading story a dramatic picture of Atlantic seaboard life, entitled, "THE GIRL CAPTAIN; or, BELLE ISLE MEG," by George Ethelbert Walsh. It is a stirring story with a charming love element. You will find it a treat. A lot of splendid stories to follow.

Kalmaik, you have made the mistake of many strong men: there came a cross for you to bear, and with the burden you carried you would not admit to the world that you needed its help. You simply turned the iron of your nature to the outside and kept the weakness within. Others have had sorrows, too." She reached over and clasped his hand in a strong grip. "I shall predict for you that your own will be solved for you and that you will be happy."

Kalmaik bowed his head in silence. For a moment they looked out over the tossing waves. "You have helped me," he said finally.

Gallagher's voice interrupted them. "If do not want to ask you, sir," he said, saluting his superior officer with a peculiar snap. "But the barometer pressure has fallen so rapidly within the last half-hour that I know we are running into a storm zone near the Horn. If the late summer storm is breaking there, we will have the roughest——"

Gallagher suddenly paused. From the south, like a breath of some snow wraith, came a puff of wind. It chilled them thru and thru. Kalmaik looked at his first mate and smiled evenly. The mate smiled back.

"If I may suggest, sir," Gallagher said, "Miss Philpott had best go below. I think it's going to blow a bit just after we clear the Straits."

Silently the girl turned and Kalmaik followed her. He saw her to the salon, and then dived into his cabin. He came out clad in oilskins and sea boots and dashed up the ladder.

Gallagher had already taken the precaution, and the crew looked like a modern fire company snatched from a truck. They were ready for a stormy time.

The first question Kalmaik asked was a queer one.

"Mr. Gallagher, where did you learn to salute as you did just now?" he queried.

Gallagher looked at him quickly to see if he was in earnest, and decided that he was. "At Annapolis, sir," he replied.

"Then, Mr. Gallagher, you know what we face, for you have shown your knowledge of the sea. We are going round the Horn in a seagoing yacht, but a light one—and we are going thru a hell of a sea and wind if we are ever to see the other side."

Then the big American shook his head and smiled, as a rear of wind dashed in a mist of water so cold and chill that it froze on the woodwork of the Virginia.

The battle was on.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR five days the yacht Virginia had been a hatefeul hulk.

Into the very teeth of the fiercest storm of the season—the late summer hurricane—the little vessel had forged its way, to pay the penalty of matching a few hundred tons of steel against the might of Nature unleashed.

Kalmaik, worn to a thread and with a beard of a week on his face, but unconquered, paced the ice-covered deck of the little ship as it smashed along, the plaything of a roaring wind and ice-cold, mountain-high waves. He knew, and Gallagher knew, that they had lost. The vessel was doomed to rush on her way to the ice fields and smash itself upon some monster of the Antarctic seas.

"Mr. Gallagher, have you any idea where we are driving?" he had shouted the skipper, as the stanch first mate fought his way to his side.

"We are sailing uncharted seas," the mate shouted back. "This is frozen right during the winter, and we shall never be able to make our way out. It looks like the finish very soon, too, sir. We are hundreds of miles off the passage round the Horn, and the ice fields proper within a day."

Kalmaik's face blanched, not for himself, but for the girl in the cabin beneath him—snug and warm there, with her father, little dreaming they were not fighting their last fight for the storm to safety.

"Oh, if that engine shaft hadn't broken," he said in Gallagher's ear, "I believe we could have made it! I do not mind for myself, but it seems hard on that little girl——"

Gallagher nodded quickly, and put out his hand. They gripped fiercely in that way American sailors understand.

"Captain Kalmaik, I have been sailor, cowboy, miner, soldier and mate," he said the first mate, "for more than four days in Death Valley without water—and that was a hell of a hell to have known first hand—but wind and water during the past ten days, but I am not ready to quit. If we can make a landing in the ice with the yacht, there is a chance we can live thru the winter, while we try to fix the broken shaft, and wait for other vessels. Then we will have enough fuel, by burning the woodwork and masts, to make the continent again. Shall we quit?"

"No, by the living God!" cried Kalmaik, his face aflame. "Gallagher, I never intended we should quit. I was going to fight for the life that little girl intrusted to me to the very last, and I believe you have said the thing to do."

"And now, I want to say, Captain," the mate went on, "we must watch the engineer and his crew. I know something about machinery. That shaft which smashed wild on the fourth day of the storm had sand in its case when I went down to look at it. Do you know your engine and stoker crew as you do our good boys of the deck? Only fools or crooks sand engine shafts."

"I don't know them," returned Kalmaik, sharply, "but I know this: The regular crew quit rather suddenly when we were preparing for the cruise, and Swanson, the drunken mate, hired another bodily to take its place. Their leader, a thoro Teuton, came well recommended."

"From now on we will watch them. If you please," said Gallagher, "and his superior officer nodded permission.

It was a dull day. The little ship, with its sails torn to shreds and flapping from the masts, and with broken engines, was tearing madly down the wind, bound for a fate which at its best seemed problematical.

"When she strikes, as she will," Gallagher had told Kalmaik, "I'm going to try for a big ice field where we can go in lightly, and perhaps tack our way into a wedge. This will hold for a day, and should be enough. With this season on, all hell could not jar loose the ice packs, once they start to set. I remember enough of Puget Sound to know that."

It was so bitter cold the crew could hold to the decks only in pairs and trios. Rufe Johnson, with his galley stove roaring, was giving hot coffee to the men who fought with the steering wheel turns about. Only Kalmaik, of seemingly iron frame, with Gallagher, a graduate of Puget Sound, stood the assaults of the wind and the froth of the waves which made ice where it fell.

It was near midnight when Kalmaik, snatching two hours of sleep, felt a grinding roar and then a dead stop to the ship. He dressed quickly and rushed on the deck. Overhead the sky was blacker than the night around, a shimmering light seemed to spread off from the ship instead of the waves to which his eye was accustomed.

"Captain, we are wedged in without a plate strained," reported Gallagher, quietly, as he had not been upon a strain of six hours, guiding twenty lives thru a maze of whirling icebergs. "This is the first big storm of the Antarctic winter. The next thaw will be about June of next year."

It was a mirthless smile the man gave at the thought of the terrible odds against them.

"Gallagher, you are a man," Kalmaik said quietly. "Thank God, I stocked that boat with food to last us on our inland trip, and we can live a year. I haven't given up, but I'm grave at the thought if we are safe, let's turn in for the night."

For the next four hours the ship creaked in its bed of ice while its crew to a man slept away the exhaustion of a strain which had lasted nearly two weeks.

CHAPTER V.

A DAWN which was only the dull gray light of a polar sun shining thru a haze of falling snow greeted the little ship over a sea of white. To Kalmaik it seemed suddenly the world had turned to ice, the air to ice, the sky to ice. There was that bite in the cold which kills the Antarctic explorer more surely than those who fight toward the Arctic zones. The hardy American felt it keenly as he looked out of the hatchway.

Back into the little salon of the vessel, warm from the glowing stove the faithful Rufe had kept burning, Kalmaik made his way to his desk and then called Gallagher.

"We must have a reckoning, matey," he said, with a quiet smile. "To all intents in material, we are wrecked, and I am no longer in command. The crew must elect a leader. Call them in."

He himself summoned Doctor and Miss Philpott. The noted explorer and his daughter had seen little of events above since the storm began, and were only advised that the ship was caught in the ice packs when Kalmaik called.

Silently the little crew gathered, and then Kalmaik looked around. "Mr. Gallagher, where are the engineer and his crew of five? They have rights here, also."

"They are at work below, in the hold, and I had forgotten," he said. "I will summon them now."

Kalmaik remembered afterward how little the stage was set for tragedy, as he looked around the narrow circle of

Crashed head-on.

dull faces, pathetic now with hope lost.

Miss Philpott sat next to him, and when Gallagher filed in with the stoke-hold crew, she gave a sharp cry and sprang to her feet.

Facing her was a huge German, so broad of chest he seemed deformed, and with a head like that of a lion. He was plainly in command of the engine men.

"Lisenger!" she cried, and hid her face in her hands.

"So! So!" he cried, advancing. "You know me, now, my girl. I shipped on this little boat and have risked my life to get you in my power. Were any of those plans now, I say?" His voice raised to a high pitch.

"What does this mean?" asked Doctor Philpott, as he sprang to his feet. For reply the big engineer smashed out with his fist, catching the scientist an unexpected blow. He fell stunned.

The next few minutes were like the flashing of a picture screen to Kalmaik. He saw little Gallagher snake out a huge gun like magic and cover the four men of Lisenger as they sprang forward. Then he dashed in and met the giant Teuton himself.

With dilated eyes the golden-haired woman stood watching the fight. First it was a death struggle in arm grips, and the Teuton groaned as Kalmaik doubled his arms about and crushed him in a bearlike hug. Then came a staggering blow, and the engineer dropped in his tracks, only to be up again and at the throat of the American.

It was a terrible example of brute strength alone matched against a man of tremendous might and the skill and swiftness of a leopard. Like a madman Lisenger rushed at the American, only to meet a blow which sent the blood gushing in his eyes and mouth. Yet still he came, his eyes gleaming ferociously.

"My God!" shouted Gallagher, as Kalmaik swung a right to the head of his assailant with such force that the man literally flew across the salon, and yet came back with a terrible, maddening rush.

There is a science among the Canadian lumbermen called "le savage," because it knows no mercy. Kalmaik suddenly remembered one simple trick he had learned there in a lumber camp, and he met the German with it. His head low, and his arms drawn close in, he crashed head-on to the chin of Lisenger, and at the same time drove both fists with all the might of his body directly in the pit of his stomach.

"You've killed him!" shrieked the girl, the keenness of the moment gone and her high-strung nerves going to bits.

Kalmaik, reeling from the shock of it, saw Lisenger lying sprawled upon the floor, blood pouring from his face.

"No, but I should have," he said quietly. "Is there any one here who wants to dispute my authority, or do you men think I can handle the situation as your captain?"

Wide-eyed, they nodded their heads unanimously.

Then go back to the forecastle, Mr. Gallagher, I appoint you second in command. Have that man locked up, with his four companions, and we will dispose of their case. There is something I must know first," and he looked at the girl, who again hid her face. "You had best care for your father now, Miss Philpott," he added, tersely, and the girl hastened to obey.

Gallagher, with a few terse words, ordered the companions of the engineer to pick him up and move him. They obeyed sullenly, while the girl worked rapidly and skilfully over her father. In a moment the three were alone. Slowly the scientist opened his eyes and then stood upon his feet.

"What happened?" he asked, noting the torn look of the salon and the flush of battle in the face of the conquering American.

"I was forced to battle with a burly engineer who thought I could not run the ship any longer," answered Kalmaik, quietly. "Perhaps he will not remember what was said," he thought quickly to himself, "if it save the girl anything it can."

"But he spoke to you, my dear," Doctor Philpott insisted. "He asked you about plans. What plans are they?" His voice took a coldly judicious tone and the girl looked at the two sadly and solemnly before she replied.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER, I have come to a point where I must tell you everything," she whispered. Kalmaik turned to go away, but she motioned him to return. "I want you to hear, also, Mr. Kalmaik, and want you all to judge me as kindly as you can."

Kalmaik smiled kindly and sat down at his desk. The father lay on a divan, and took a pillow under her silently.

"Several years ago when I was studying art and music in Berlin," she began, "I met a dashing young nobleman who greatly admired American women. He often sought the American colony, because he was a poor man for his station and terribly. He was rich and powerful and could afford to choose.

"Then his plight—" Here the girl's voice dropped to a whisper, while her face twisted with the tragedy of it—"one night he asked me to visit the military citadel where he was stationed. It was a pleasant little trip for the next morning, so I readily consented. I took along my sketching tablet and some carbon pencils to make a few freehand sketches.

"It led to terrible results. Indeed, had I known what was in store I would have forsaken all the knowledge of art I so studiously sought.

"We arrived at the citadel, and as his guest I was welcomed. We walked around the huge fortress which covered an important angle of the imperial city, and I was charmed. It was so wonderful that I forgot about my drawing for the time.

"It was some trivial thing which took him from my side, and while I stood alone I suddenly remembered my pad. I took it out and began hastily to sketch. I knew that the terrible consequences of sketching German fortifications, and I was busily engaged when suddenly a voice sounded in my ear, and a heavy hand fell on my shoulder. I was told in German gutturals I could not translate for espionage, one of the gravest crimes in the catalog. Worse, I had been captured red-handed.

"I was contemplating hurriedly what myself as I was haled before the commander of the fort. He was just but stern. I told my story in silence. Fortunately I had not told him, in my difficulties with the German language, that I was an American.

"'Call Baron Lisenger,' he said, and a guard had my companion in a moment. His face blanched as he saw me, a captive, before his superior officer. The older officer spoke like a judge.

"'Lieutenant Baron, this young woman says she came here with you. We caught her sketching the fortifications, and her plans are those of an expert. How can you explain the bringing of spies within the fort?' I can remember now how

forceful his words were, and how fateful they sounded.

"I saw quickly there was going to be a desperate play, and I bent forward to catch the cue.

"'Pardon me, your excellency,' said my companion, with a slight but perfectly poised smile. 'I did not dream that when I brought my little American wife to the fortress she would try to sketch it. How careless of you, my dear,' he admonished playfully, 'to hide pencil things within a fortification.'

"It was desperate, but I could not help but smile in my relief. The Governor's face relaxed slightly.

"'If you shall prove to my satisfaction, Lieutenant Lisenger, that this woman is your wife, then we shall drop the matter,' he said. 'I shall expect you to do this before nightfall.' And he waved his hand to us in dismissal.

"'This woman is in your custody, sir,' the captain of the guard told Lisenger as we passed out."

The girl's face was drawn and white as death, as she paused for a moment. "Go on," the father prompted gently.

"There was nothing else to do," she told bravely. "Lisenger bribed and cajoled an official in dating the marriage license four weeks before that date, and we—were married."

Her voice stopped dead. There was not a sound in the salon.

"I was nothing of a wife to him," she went on dully. "I did not love him, and he did not love me. We parted that day. I didn't see him again for a year, and then I was in America, trying my best to forget that terrible experience.

"He had changed—for the worse, as I could see—but he insisted that I introduce him in the best society. In terror of him, and our dread secret, I did it. Everywhere society was open to him on my recommendation. In Washington he was splendidly received, and for a while I thought he would go back to Russia and leave me to mend my wrecked life as best I could."

Again her voice broke and Kalmaik longed to comfort her.

"But he was not that kind; it's not in that kind of man," she went on, her voice mounting high. "One night at a ball to which I had been asked in the capitol, he was not sober. I remember it was driven by a naval official of highest rank for the officers of his command alone. Lisenger seemed entirely unconcerned about it when he came to see me, for he raged an hour or so in our library when he called the afternoon before. Finally he faced me and said:

"'At this ball tonight a man will come to you and during a dance will whisper in your ear "Germany forever!" and it will be a signal. Take what he gives you. I must leave this city and sail for England in the morning. You follow as soon as you can, and with that intrusted to you.'

"'And if I do not?' I questioned.

"'Our story will be cabled to the New York newspapers from London, backed by the facts.' He laughed at me and I qualified in terror. I knew I would do his bidding.

"That night I was dancing with a young officer of the secret department when suddenly he bent to my ear and whispered. Then there was pressed in my hand a tiny leather wallet, sealed tightly.

"'You are a traitor!' I said to him, and he flushed red as fire.

"'And you the wife of a spy!' he replied and laughed brutally in my face."

For some reason Kalmaik knew the story was almost done.

"You know the rest of it, Mr. Kalmaik," she said, facing him bravely. "I carried that wallet safely to that vacant house in London which he had rented for the purpose. I demanded to know what it was, and Lisenger refused to tell me. I refused to give it up. He attacked me brutally, but I managed to strike out the light and hide in the hall. They would have found me, but there were no lights in the house except the one I had broken. Lisenger was afraid to take the risk of your own that night of your lecture. I believe Lisenger bribed your steward to quit, and shipped himself and a band of accomplices in their place for a chance to steal that wallet no bigger than the palm of my hand. I have not broken the seal, and I hope to live to return it to my country, from which it was stolen."

She swayed slightly, and Kalmaik sprang to catch her, but she steadied herself on her arm and smiled at him wanly.

"It would seem that this is enough to turn you away from me," she whispered.

"I know now what you meant when you told me others had you rummaged as well as I," he replied soberly. "You may count me now and always, among your firmest friends."

And he bowed, like the Virginia gentlemen of olden days, and kissed her hand. The girl was greatly moved.

"Mr. Kalmaik, I want you to take it now, and if possible, determine its value, and whether it should be destroyed," she said, and handed him the wallet.

He took it silently, and as father and daughter retired, he summoned Gallagher.

"Let's go into this, matey, as American citizens," he said. "And pledge each other to keep its faith."

Gallagher nodded and they broke the seal. The papers which came out meant nothing to Kalmaik, but the latter grew pale, and his breath came hard. To any one watching, it was easy to see the maze of plans and figures were being minutely read by him.

"Captain Kalmaik," he said finally, "I told you I had learned to salute at Annapolis. It was no lie, sir. If I can read plans at all, this is the most important naval secret in the world today. With it Germany can win this war. Lisenger was playing a high game indeed—one which his government would have disavowed in a moment if he had been caught, but which would have made him a national hero if he had succeeded. Let us swear here and now to destroy those plans [illegible] We are pledged to neutral, I would not even trust them to a boundless sea."

This thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you but $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

The World of Chance

-:- Or, -:-

A New Adam and Eve

By Mason Ray

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 14, April 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII

BY THE time April began alternately to weep and smile, Eve and her dimpled daughter Diantha made a picture worthy the brush of an artist. Nothing could be more ravishing for a fair and gold-crowned wife, whose beautiful face glowed softly with mother love and whose eyes grew fondly luminous as she studied the little one on her lap.

"She's like you, Adam-boy," said she one morning, after small Diantha had received her bath. "She's your living image—black hair, dark eyes, dark brown eyes, firm lips and chin. Why, honey, she's your feminized double. She's going to be vivacious, strong-willed and persistent."

"Thanks; pile it on," I told her across the back of a chair on which I was straddling while admiring our daughter. "Maybe," I suggested, "if we're both persistent and willful we'll clash."

"No," said Eve. "A daughter always sides with her father."

"Lucky for both of us," said I, and gazed at the scrap of fist-waving humanity with unspoken compassion. What was there in the world for Eve for Diantha? How could she flower into perfect womanhood without companions, without schools, without the love and take that sharpens wits? For her there would be no self-measurement. She would be an anomaly. I was thankful for her coming. She seemed an angel from paradise.

Early in March a pair of robins delighted us by appearing in the old aviary and were welcomed with food. In time others of the hand-raised family joined the robins, and we had gradually perceived that few of the number had perished. The timid ones announced their coming in nodding bows and perpetual flight, which seemingly multiplied their number. When built over very deep, while a preening robin entered an open window and proceeded to build a nest among the toilet articles on Eve's dressing table. I opened the opening and arranged a covered box for her under the outer sill, which she contentedly occupied. This spring my wife banished the incubators, but motherly fowls conducted flowery, peeping broods for. Neither fox nor hawk dared to pounce upon them they were safe; and the feathered parents saved Eve's time for her daughter and garden.

We were awakened at dawn by our songsters' matin chorus and a vesper song at evening when from down the shore sounded the gulp, chug, gulp of a frog basso accompanied by many soprano. One evening, when gone the lake glowed under a setting sun, we listened on our west piazza to the wild music.

"It's a happy old earth, after all, isn't it, Adam-boy?" demanded my dear one, but I noted that her gaze was fixed on Diantha in her arms.

"It's a good enough earth," I admitted. "But," said I, speaking of a matter that troubled me, "it must be plowed, planted and tilled. I must have tractor-propelled plows and harrows and reapers."

"Does that mean a trip to Parkland?" asked Eve.

"Farther than that," I told her. "It means Chicago."

My brave girl never flinched. "What is the plan?" she asked, and her sweet voice was steady. "Hear me, my mornings of iron from across the lake!"

"By boat," I told her. "Tugs and barges are anchored at Pentland Harbor. You'll steer while I feed and ran the engine; and we must move before the machinery hopelessly rusts."

"I understand," Eve said quietly. "Our lives—and Diantha's—depend upon securing tools for future crops."

Diantha had become the dominant thought. For her sake we would have braved fire in addition to water. But I needed the sheer of the north. We longed for him of the single footprint. However, the man-size must be managed by Eve. We scattered enormous piles of grain for the feathered ones and left them with plenty of running water; then we boarded our sailboat north. The lake shore road was almost free of fallen timber, and Pentland Harbor was crowded by shipping. So we were fortunate.

By noon of the day we started I discovered many tugs, gayly bedecked and apparently disconsolate steamers a good-sized tug with gasoline power. It was a Gobbler, and when I ran around the engine in tolerable condition. I cleaned and oiled and tested the machinery until dusk. Then I went to bed. I fainted dawn we were on our way. Our progress was slow, and the two hundred miles we made by the end of third more because of our rounding the shore. At night we anchored.

But by early afternoon of Friday morning the mirage-like panoramas of a great city swam into view. Again we passed resting steamers, barges and tugs that moped at their moorings. In the streets of Illinois' metropolis grass sprouted where asphalt had ruled. Motor vehicles cluttered the avenues. With Diantha in my arms and Eve at my side, I led the way to the business section where yard-high lettering on buildings advertised drugs and soaps and shoes, tobacco, and what not. Words are inadequate to describe the faded splendor of store windows with their richly dressed mannequins, their displays of silver and jewelry, tarnished copper and iron, dusty furniture and garments. The cigar store Indian was gone, but when I leaned slightly forward at a tobacco store and shaded its sightless eyes with a bronzed hand, it was instantly filled.

"You would think it sought the departed crowds that once surged thru the streets," whispered Eve. "It's horribly suggestive. We'll be glad to go home and forget this mockery."

"As soon as we load our tug," I promised. "We'll hurry."

At the first garage sighted we secured a car, but not before we passed an automatic arrangement in a shoe-shop window that astonished us by unexpected motion. Slowly a patent-leather shoe rose and lowered by means of a glass ball which followed a circular groove. It was a ghastly survival. With unfailing regularity the automatic device had lifted and lowered the costly boot in adv ertisement to a dead populace.

"Before we go plow-hunting, suppose we secure what you want in dry goods," I suggested. "I'll help you rummage."

Our working together would consume time, but I couldn't bring myself to let Eve and Diantha out of sight. So we alighted at a huge department store and entered. Silent, unattended aisles, where seemingly everything on earth was exposed for sale.

"We must climb to the second floor where rugs are displayed," guessed Eve.

So we ascended the wide stairs. And there I found a collection of mutilated dead that had once held costly gowns. These gowns had been draped on papier-mache mannequins, but many of them were thrown to the floor and denuded of their Paris creations. Some impatient hand evidently stripped them. It recalled to my mind the maniacal disorder wrought at the Parkland saloon by my man of the bicycle.

"Look!" gasped Eve. "Who did that?"

Her blue eyes were wide with anxiety and fear. And I heard the slow, unmistakable stride of feet that approached and began to mount the stair. Instantly we waited, I held Diantha in the hollow of one arm, the other encircled my trembling wife. Next moment a man's head appeared above the stair well. After him came a young woman richly attired.

"Good, but I'm sure some one is alive!" said the man. His movement and voice promised boundless energy and quick resourcefulness. "It's good to see a man's face," he almost shouted. And the word preceding his last was oddly emphasized. He was clean shaven, black, his features handsome. He was abundantly virile, altogether boyish and pleasing in appearance. His companion, who had thrown herself into my wife's arms and was hysterically sobbing.

"Eve Adam!" cried Eve, as if the girl was Diantha. "It's all over. After this you won't be alone. Hush!"

"Eve Adam!" echoed the black-eyed stranger.

"That your wife is unnerved," I ended. "It's a marvel she hasn't lost her mind."

At the young husband gave a gesture of disgust.

"Impossible!" cried he. "She has none to lose!"

CHAPTER IX.

THUS it transpired that Eve and I, after all, were not the only inhabitants saved to the world. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cadwell of Chicago shared our immunity from death. Their story was sensational. Frank had been chauffeur for the wealthy McVanes and had eloped with Sibyl McVane, the multimillionaire's only daughter. They fled to New York, intending to hide in war-infested Europe, but encountered the furnace-like heat of destruction and were miraculously saved by a trick of fate. They had, for a tremendous fee, obtained passage in a navy steamer, and the hour of departure was named. Perhaps the heat delayed the taking of cargo, or the owner had misjudged the amount to be stored. Anyway, the eloping couple's cab dropped them on the wharf too soon by an hour. And as they hesitated they noticed upon the owner of a submarine boat.

Tempted by a generous sum, Mike Kelly agreed to entertain the two by a plunge under the sea. It promised diversion for the hour and escape from a terrific atmosphere. So they descended. It must have been at the time humanity perished. During most of an hour they breathed compressed air from a storage tank. Then they rose to the surface and admitted the sun breezes blushed in ruin. It was sulphurous. It strangled and all but killed them. On shore, like survivors, they beheld a carnival of death. With the homing instinct of carrier doves they hastened to Chicago in the commandeered auto, only to find a depopulated city.

"What became of Kelly?" I asked Frank.

"He was a genuine bum," charged Frank. "I shook him."

"Then you believe there were other undersea craft—and survivors?"

"Possibly," admitted Frank. "But they might have come up too soon, or over a dozen other things happened. Anyhow, you're the first live ones we've struck. And the waiting's been hell, just plain hell."

"Worse!" wailed his wife. Her dole face and tear-filled eyes at Diantha grew again overflowed. "Serves me right for eloping," she declared, as if this had precipitated the cataclysm. "I was a fool. I didn't know when I was well off." Once more she began to sob aloud.

"For Pete's sake, stop that!" said I. "I treated her husband. "It's bad enough without the weeps. Quit!"

Mrs. Sibyl's heaving shoulder I caught Eve's amazed glance. This disillusioned pair had spent their months in a [illegible] Evidently the decadent the girl's shallow nature was embittered by the very trial that ennobled, Eve and I. A broad, deep, enlightened nature had sweetened and expanded, while Sibyl's narrowed and shrank. I found myself disliking this girl, and his attention I told him of our experience, of our home and plans, and asked him to consider remaining there. Of course the estranged couple must accompany us to Morningstar. They could do nothing else. We must suggest nothing less.

"To the country!" exclaimed Sibyl, when I had finished. "Not if I know it."

"Then, by Heck," cried Frank, "you'll stay in this smoked-out hive alone! I'm going."

Without a glance at his doll-wife he clattered down the stair, and, placing Diantha in Eve's arms with directions for both women to collect what they desired in the store, I followed.

"Hop in and I'll whiz you to the tractor shop," Frank announced.

He was whistling, and his vivid face radiated happiness. Away from Sibyl

he seemed a different fellow. Good-nature glowed from every feature, together with joy at my presence. Undoubtedly Frank had been man-lonesome and woman-surfeited. His every act was quick, nimble and able. He was now at the wheel, and when I touched my seat he shot along the asphalt at a speed which formerly would have landed him in the police court. But I saw that his hand was first and his eye keen. Moreover, I found that his intimate knowledge of the city and his mechanical ability were of the greatest assistance.

We soon came to a depot supply of tractors intended for the West. In view of our getting them to the river slip and aboard a steamer of larger size than our gasoline boat is dull retail, I'll leave it at that. Next we returned to Eve and Sibyl at the department store. The first named directed the furnishings she had appropriated for our home, while Sibyl stood over an extraordinary selection of fancy clothes and many luxuries.

"If I'm forced to the woods," she greeted Frank, "this is my luggage."

"Sure that's all?" inquired her husband.

His tone, to say the least, was caustic. Eve, with Diantha asleep in her arms, looked haggard with anxiety and she smiled at nobody to and made no complaint. Her desire was to reach home, out of the city. Frank, who looked to the engine, while I steered. But I am sure my darling would rather have stood the lifelong ache than have our blessed home-peace disturbed by the constant presence of Sibyl Cadwell.

The second night of the voyage we lighted up and continued straight for, not Pentland, but Morningstar. The morning sky darkly threatened, and by the time we sighted our own coast the air thickened to twilight. We hastily moved the women and babe ashore in the yawl, then rigged a lighter for removing our valuable cargo. Frank worked like two men or a demon. By night every box and our precious machinery was covered by tarpaulin.

"Now, by Jove, the rain may blow and be blowed!" cried Frank. "Let 'er rip!"

The storm needed no bidding, for the blackened west already was veined with lightning. We raced for the house, but a deluge of rain caught us after we climbed the bluff, and pelted us to the door.

"Say, Ward," cried Frank, addressing me by my surname without the Mister, "this looks like home!"

He gazed about the brilliantly lighted kitchen. Eve busied at the range, and Diantha sitting in her wicker carriage, and at Tommy preening on the window-sill, where he tried to express his delight at our return.

"You can wash at the kitchen sink or in your room," I called to him, as I laughed at his grimed face and hands. He was a sight. Machine oil and coal-dust fitted him to a minstrel part, and I was little better off.

"No guest business for me," said he, plunging into the bedroom and "pulling" elected choreboy. My environment is the kitchen."

When he pulled the plug I refilled the bowl and repeated his performance of lathering my acquired complexion and removing it in a flood of rapid water. After that we sat down before one of Eve's chicken dinners with vegetables, hot biscuits, plum preserves and fine cakes and coffee. Frank stared. I imagine his long-denied mouth watered; if not his dark eyes glistened with moisture.

"If you'd told me I wouldn't have believed such a meal possible," he said a bit unsteadily, "I'd thought you were stuffing me, as the boys express it. Oh, my great aunt! And we lived by a can-opener!"

"And a corkscrew," cut in his wife.

"Did you ever know anyone who wouldn't?" Frank shot back.

His eyes lifted, and the lifted glance noted that Eve wore black cotton with the grace of a queen, while Sibyl looked dowdy in gold satin and lace. Her ash-blonde hair was uncombed, after baby-blue eyes were puffed from weeping. She had donned the finery without care as to cords of fit. Frank eyed the garment and its wearer with positive malevolence. Then he forced back angry words and talked of the Great Happening.

"The world got what was coming," he declared. "It was rotten, and so was all balled up in war; South and Central America were hatching revolutions; Mexico was rampant. Nobody but the Almighty could call a halt. And He did it. Wrapped the diseased earth in fire and brimstone. He smelled. It was the one cure. Ward. Wasn't it?"

His black eyes burned the question into mine. I nodded. The subject was one we rarely broached. But Frank talked on with vigor and swift gesture, while his wife, moodily nursed, her sponge cake and ate heavily of everything else.

Frank, and I, at his insistence, washed up and put away both china and kitchen ware. Then we joined Eve and Sibyl in the parlor and began singing. Frank's voice was tenor, while his wife knew something of alto. The four voices formed a worth while chorus. We had found something of common interest.

Next morning, when we sat down to breakfast, Mrs. Cadwell was missing.

"Sib gets up about noon," Frank explained. He had been about since sunrise exploring the region and had gained a boy's appetite. His mood was gay. We laughed at his keen wit. For the first time that awful year our lone plight was forgotten. Then Sibyl, hearing the laughter and wishing to learn the cause, appeared in a white and pink crepe kimono, and Frank's vivacity perished.

"Coffee? No, I drink cocoa mornings," she told my wife, and the percolator was about to pour java in her cup.

So Eve rose from her chair and proceeded to prepare the guest's favorite beverage at the kitchen range. Meanwhile her own drink cooled and the pancakes grew cold. Frank silently uncovered this and ordered fresh toast. By the time toast was added to the cocoa, Eve gave up her breakfast to attend Diantha. At once Sibyl began to worry about her boxes. That they were yet on the beach caused her no peculiar qwarm.

"Everything will be ruined," she declared.

"Well have the trunks up before you finish breakfast," I assured her, as Frank and I got up from the table.

But when we reached the house we found an extra room was needed for Mrs. Cadwell's belongings. At her suggestion we took down the bed in the bath apartment and this arrangement gave his wife connecting front rooms. Then for one day the house was a maniac's paradise. At her command furniture was moved about or banished in favor of some fantastic scheme of arrangement. A deep-piled gold and brown rug Eve had selected for the dining-room was requisitioned for the new sitting-room space. With astonishing deftness the girl disposed of her wardrobe in bureaus and closets, and refused to allow to bring up a broom and sweep away the litter.

"Mrs. Ward will do nothing of the sort," Frank told her.

His tone was emphatic. If I had not been within hearing, I think my wife would have heard more. But the glare of her husband's black eyes would have quelled a fire.

The peaceful happiness of our home was utterly destroyed. The place was like a private hotel. Frank openly expressed inhospitable sentiments, but I observed my poor girl's dumb misery. But for Frank's advantage neither I am sure Sibyl would have ordered us about like slaves. By a thousand studied insults she literally forced us to act as serfiors. Open resentment was impossible and beneath us; so Eve kept out of the guest's sight when possible and I was in the fields with Frank.

During May we plowed and disked, sowed grain and planted seed. Our tractors and other machines lightened our task. Nevertheless, we toiled early and late, with Frank as the hard driver. Whatever his faults might be, laziness was not included. Neither was he lacking in moral courage. He endured, without loathing of Sibyl's weakness, he never, when alone with me, mentioned her name. He accepted the situation and

service we held upon the anniversary of our deliverance from exodus. Frank and Sibyl were invited to accompany us, but declined. Both were the finished product of an implous age. Yet Frank's splendid character would have gained balance by veneration for a Supreme Being. Belief would have softened and enriched his virile nature. Sibyl had belonged to a wealthy church whose members met under rose windows in the warm, scented atmosphere of a Christian hotbed. It was a social form. Now, lacking motive, she preferred home and lazy inactivity."

"Now where?" I questioned, when we, with Diantha, regained our car after an hour in the chapel.

"To the big orchard." Eve decided, as I knew she would.

So we sped to the farm by the lake and again examined the house. It comprised an upright and ell, but porches squared the whole.

"That south wing would make a conservatory," I observed. "The end and part of the sides would be windows. Window in a room for pots of plants inside. The rest would be dining-room."

"Splendid!" cried Eve.

"Warmed by a furnace."

"There's one already in the basement," she told me.

"We'd install a dynamo and have electric lights," I elaborated.

"And a blue-and-white kitchen," stipulated Eve.

Home planning became our diversion. When Sibyl learned to get on alone, we'd be ready to move. Between sowing and harvest Frank and I found leisure for building. He threw himself into the work of setting in windows and building a north wing to the dining-room. At one day threw down his hammer and spoke of something that often crept into his thoughts.

"We've chumps for settling North," said he. "We ought to live across the snow line where we could commute twelve months. Locomotives and tracks are rusting. It's now or never."

"Could we manage it?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "if you'll shovel coal we'll move any engine on the track."

I tried him three days later, and any at this time was out of the question. It was impossible even when we were securing machinery in the big city of the lakes.

Strawberries were ripe when Sibyl lay marble-like in state in the rose-room downstairs while Eve cared for a scrap of humanity that looked like a doll modeled in wax. Frank and I were distracted during the hour of Sibyl's trial, now became her slave. The ecstatic devotion he showered on the baby was a tribute to his son's girlish mother.

"He's a tiny chap to buck up against conditions that'll be hard," demanded Frank. "Just think. He'll be richer than a brace of Carnegies, yet have to spade his living."

"Spading sod is what he needs," I prescribed. "He'll never be strong as an oak and plump him like a partridge. Just watch."

Sibyl, like many frail ones, unexpectedly gained. At the same time Walter —nicknamed Wally—became a problem. Having presented a grandson to the entire world, Mrs. Cadwell considered her responsibility ended. Frank, of course, assumed his burden.

"Say, Kiddo," he one day demanded, "it's time this youngster dined."

"Give him a bottle," I suggested. "He must use a bottle. It's that or nothing. I won't be sacrificed. And it's the right way. It's the way my brothers and I were raised."

"And the habit stuck," flared Frank. "Never saw Ned or Alf without a bottle but the filling wasn't milk, believe me. It was killing them just as you'll kill our boy if you turn him off. Sibyl, don't risk it."

"Better risk his life than mine," moaned Sibyl, and lapsed into a fainting spell.

Sibyl's weapons of defense were swooning and weeping, altho, to me, neither was exactly convincing. But they impressed Frank as being genuine. He ceased to trouble Wally's mother and scoured the store basements for tinned milk. Much of it was in prime condition. And a compounded cereal drinks under my directions that kept Frank's son alive and added to his weight. But at best he was a fragile mite, and Eve flatly vetoed any idea of migrating South.

"I would finish Wally," she declared. "He needs bracing air."

With a Michigan winter in view we hastened our carpenter's job. By October we were painting the remodeled residence sheer white with trimmings of cardinal. No one would have recognized the former building. With its flower-filled conservatory, its many windows and porches and interior changes, it was a successful rival to Morningstar. This we discovered upon a golden October day when, as usual, Eve, with Sibyl and the babes, motored over to note progress.

"It's prettier than your place by that mournful lake," decided Sibyl. "That gives me the creeps. I can't endure the waves. So we'll take the farmhouse and leave you undisturbed."

That was Sibyl. Grasped what she coveted and flung herself a bouquet for being unselfish. My wife stared, colored, then laughed. It was up to us mentally to uproot ourselves from the home we fancied and accept our guest's decree. At least it saved us much trouble. Our fowls were comfortably established, and to move our share meant fitting up new quarters. Altogether we were content. Not so Sibyl. She demanded, new furnishings of the costliest make for the new domicile, and this meant several trips to Parkland.

First Frank and I harvested our late vegetables—potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips and beets—and our hens filled with these health-giving products. Then, having nothing else to do until wood and coal were needed for the furnaces, we set out with saws, axes and a telephone trouble hunter's outfit. For some distance beyond Waverly we had nothing to delay us but slack or tangled 'phone wires. These were straightened and tested. At every station we talked with Eve and Sibyl. The latter, at each point, added to the already lengthy list of articles she wished Frank to secure at Parkland. Eve assured us that they were not timid at being alone. At the last exchange where we stopped she held Diantha to the transmitter and had her call lispingly for daddy. That was shortly after nine. By ten o'clock we had cleared our track into the city and I again tested the thru line.

"We're getting on famously," Eve's clear voice informed me. "Now don't worry any more. Get busy at loading and hurry back."

We obeyed her to the extent of securing a necessary load, but both with what we selected from silent and musty stores, but some sixth sense seemed to warn me of danger. I was half-sick with anxiety. It maddened me to delay; but Sibyl's lists must be filled to the last frivolous item. On the last of these was at a store beyond the dismantled saloon where I had discovered the telephone girl. Many times Frank and I had discussed the meaning of that footprint. Now we entered the place and looked for further indications of a living dipsomaniac. Disorderly as the room had been at my first visit, it now was a chaos of smashed fixtures, scattered bottles and a floor sodden with spilled liquors. Behind the wood was yet damp. It had not had time to dry. Whoever drenched the barroom with its choicest goods had been within that hour. Or hours rather than days. Horrified and shaken, I looked into Frank's white face and he returned my gaze.

"It's a long way to New York," said he, "but the only many living except ourselves in Parkland. I've obstructed during the hour of Sibyl's trial, now became her slave. The ecstatic devotion he showered on the baby was a tribute to his son's girlish mother.

"He's a tiny chap to buck up against conditions that'll be hard," demanded Frank. "Just think. He'll be richer than a brace of Carnegies, yet have to spade his living."

"Spading sod is what he needs," I prescribed. "He'll never be strong as an oak and plump him like a partridge. Just watch."

Sibyl, like many frail ones, unexpectedly gained. At the same time Walter —nicknamed Wally—became a problem. Having presented a grandson to the entire world, Mrs. Cadwell considered her responsibility ended. Frank, of course, assumed his burden.

"Say, Kiddo," he one day demanded, "it's time this youngster dined."

"Give him a bottle," I suggested. "He must use a bottle. It's that or nothing. I won't be sacrificed. And it's the right way. It's the way my brothers and I were raised."

"And the habit stuck," flared Frank. "Never saw Ned or Alf without a bottle but the filling wasn't milk, believe me. It was killing them just as you'll kill our boy if you turn him off. Sibyl, don't risk it."

"Better risk his life than mine," moaned Sibyl, and lapsed into a fainting spell.

Sibyl's weapons of defense were swooning and weeping, altho, to me, neither was exactly convincing. But they impressed Frank as being genuine. He ceased to trouble Wally's mother and scoured the store basements for tinned milk. Much of it was in prime condition. And a compounded cereal drinks under my directions that kept Frank's son alive and added to his weight. But at best he was a fragile mite, and Eve flatly vetoed any idea of migrating South.

"I would finish Wally," she declared. "He needs bracing air."

With a Michigan winter in view we hastened our carpenter's job. By October we were painting the remodeled residence sheer white with trimmings of cardinal. No one would have recognized the former building. With its flower-filled conservatory, its many windows and porches and interior changes, it was a successful rival to Morningstar. This we discovered upon a golden October day when, as usual, Eve, with Sibyl and the babes, motored over to note progress.

"It's prettier than your place by that mournful lake," decided Sibyl. "That gives me the creeps. I can't endure the waves. So we'll take the farmhouse and leave you undisturbed."

That was Sibyl. Grasped what she coveted and flung herself a bouquet for being unselfish. My wife stared, colored, then laughed. It was up to us mentally to uproot ourselves from the home we fancied and accept our guest's decree.

* * *

LOTS OF TROUBLE.

I think the laws of nature
Are over-full of pests.
They drive and drive
While man's alive,
And will not let him rest.

They wake him when he's sleepy,
And drive him out of bed,
And make him toil
To till the soil,
Because he must be fed.

He's always getting hungry;
I say it's not right.
Were nature kind
Each man, you'd find,
Would need no appetite.

Then, too, his nails keep growing,
And also his beard and hair;
They must be cut
And tended, but
I hold it is not fair.

Thus nature keeps us busy
Supplying her demands.
A man, my son,
Can have no fun
Who has idle hands!

* * *

TOO NEIGHBORLY.

Deane had hardly had time to hang up his coat when the telephone bell rang.

"Gracious, there it goes!" said Mrs. Deane. "Will you answer it, please, Hal? My hands are in the biscuit dough."

"What was it?" she asked a little later, when he entered the kitchen.

"Oh, somebody who wished to let Miss Rockwell know that she would be fifteen minutes late to her music lesson tomorrow morning. I ran down to Mrs. Rockwell's flat and told her."

"I'm glad it was you this time," Mrs. Deane laughed. "I must say I've had about all the telephone messenger work I care for in one day."

"It's no more than neighborly to take a message to her now and then, Kate. She's a pretty little woman."

"Yes, she's a pretty little woman, all right," said Mrs. Deane. "And if it were only now and then I shouldn't object to playing messenger boy. But it seems to me that every time I start to do anything I am obliged to stop, either to take some word to Miss Rockwell or to call her to the phone. I consider that she is overstraining the neighborly duty a little."

"I think you must be overtired tonight, my dear. It's not like you to show impatience over such a small matter," remarked Deane with a tender tolerance that his wife found rather trying. "Will there be time for me to shave before dinner?"

"Yes, while the biscuits are baking. Ah, here's the 'phone again. Please answer it."

Mrs. Deane smiled as she heard her husband open the door of the flat and run downstairs after a word at the telephone. This time he did not return to the kitchen, and a half-hour did not see him again until they sat down to dinner.

"Please pass me one of those brown boys, Kate," he said when he had carved. "Your biscuits are a trifle overdone, aren't they, dear?"

"Overdone! Most of them were burned to a crisp. I thought we might manage to eat some of the inside, but they were quite so badly as the rest. It's certainly too annoying to have perfectly good materials spoiled in that way."

"Is the oven getting skittish?"

"The oven is all right, thank you. It's the telephone that is bewitched. I was while you were shaving, so, of course, I had the pleasure of going down to Miss Rockwell. She wished to know the time for an appointment, and Miss Rockwell was rather undecided as to what answer to make. I was in a hurry, but while she went thru her schedule, and by the time I had transmitted the message to the kitchen, the biscuits were in. As you say, a trifle overdone. Still, of course, it's a great privilege to be neighborly. And people are so few in such a pretty little woman."

"Now, you know what I meant by that, Kate. You are prone to grudge us a little trouble for anybody who lives under the same roof with us. But it is annoying, I admit, when there are biscuits in the oven. I dare say, however, that there won't be a repetition of the evening's interruption."

Those hopeful words had scarcely left Deane's lips when the doorbell rang. He rose and, as he strode to Mrs. Deane's eyes as she watched her husband advance to the door, for she was familiar with the double ring that had just sounded.

"I ran up to ask if I may telephone my aunt," Deane heard Miss Rockwell, the moment the door was opened. "I had intended to run around to see her this evening, but I shall not after a busy day. So, if you don't mind, I'll just have a little chat with her over the 'phone."

Deane did not respond to the exceedingly sweet smile with which his wife beamed upon the visitor as she took her place at the table. Indeed, he appeared to be too deeply engrossed in his dinner even to hear Miss Rockwell's reference in the dining-room while a stream of telephonic nothings flowed steadily on in the hall and continued until after the Deanes had risen from the table.

"Now that I'm up here, I'll just ring up Cousin Jo and see if she'll have time to speak to," called Miss Rockwell, cheerily.

"Go it," answered Deane, in a tone that caused his wife to look at him reprovingly, but which did not dampen the ardor of the neighbor, who did not finish her telephone conversations until after Mrs. Deane, with her husband's assistance, had completely cleared away the kitchen and dining-room in order for breakfast.

"I hate to have you do this kind of work, Hal, when you come home tired," Mrs. Deane said protestingly.

"I'd much rather help with the dishes than listen to all that fluidub Miss Rockwell is indulging in," he replied.

Some time later Miss Rockwell finished.

"Thanks, so much," she called, as she hung up the receiver. "I don't know what I should do if it were not for your kindness."

"She may have to find out what she can do without it," remarked Deane, rather grimly after the door had closed behind her.

"Oh, don't take it too hard," said Mrs. Deane. "Very likely there will be won't be another siege like this very soon."

"There won't be if I know myself. Great Caesar, there's the 'phone again! I wonder if it can, by any chance, be for us."

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Deane in a moment. "It's for Miss Rockwell. Will you please just step downstairs and tell her that Miss Baker will not take her lesson tomorrow. She will call up Friday and arrange for another date."

"She will, will she?" muttered Deane, starting out of the room with heavy steps.

When he returned he sank into his own easy chair with an air of exhaustion and his wife looked at him questioningly.

"I delivered Miss Baker's message," he explained, "and then I inquired firmly but politely why she didn't have a telephone of her own. And what do you think that woman said?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"She said she had thought of it, but that a telephone is such a bother that she dreaded the interruptions. Isn't she the limit? If she doesn't move out of this building this spring, we shall. I can't stand her much longer."

"And she's such a pretty little woman, too," added Mrs. Deane, wickedly.

* * *

Uncensored.

"Bob," said Uncle Dick, "I am surprised at you for getting into an argument. That's the most foolish thing in the world!"

"But I was right in my contention, and I'll prove it."

"Well, what if you were right? Being right is not as important as you seem to think. It doesn't always get you returns."

"But I wanted to show that fellow that I knew what I was talking about and that he was entirely wrong."

"You are not responsible for that fellow's lack of knowledge. You should worry! I see people busy putting other people right all the time, but they never see me do it. Common first. Fountains of infallible knowledge never were popular with me."

"Flintsky knows everything, and he has everything right, even down to the smallest detail. If he says anything no one ever thinks of disputing because it is usually right, and, second, because if you say he is wrong you have a fight on your hands."

"We fellows who are usually wrong are not at all sensitive if any one tells us we are wrong. What's the difference? We have been wrong lots of times before and know by experience that it doesn't hurt us. We have never noticed any permanent injury from being wrong. We survived all right and lived to be wrong again. If a man tells me I'm wrong what of it?

"But Flintsky thinks being wrong is a terrible affliction, from which no one never recover. Having things proved to you by Flintsky is not greatly to be desired either. You can't imagine how we fellows who are usually mistaken and are constantly having things proved to us hate the wise guys who take the trouble to set us right.

"Whenever I see a man reaching for his atlas or dictionary or some other concealed weapons of authority I stamp him at once as the worst type of roughneck, boor, swine and thickheaded ass.

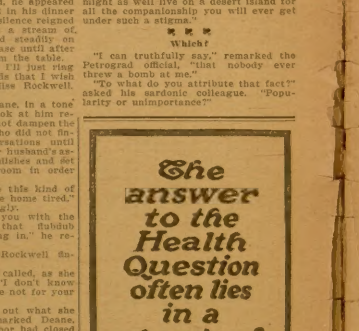
"Such men find themselves shunned by everybody. They can seldom get into a conversation at all, for we usually mistaken fellows argue among each other on subjects about which we know nothing whatever. We refuse the semblance of censorship. No authority is ever admitted into our conferences. No one who knows anything is really eligible for our confabs, nor could he enjoy it if he did get into it. To know everything about everything is to be out of business. You might as well live on a desert island for all the companionship you will ever get under such a situation."

* * *

Which?

"I can truthfully say," remarked the Petrograd official, "that nobody ever threw a bomb at me."

"To what do you attribute that fact?" asked his sardonic colleague. "Popularity or unimportance?"



Colonel Wade's Daughter

Or, The Stolen Birthright

By Marquis James

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 17, March 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXV.

NEXT morning Sturgis found Patrice alone at Wade Hall. The Colonel had ventured from the plantation for the first time since his return. His recuperated strength permitting, he had journeyed to the house of a neighboring planter on a matter of business, and was not expected to return until late that evening. Patrice extended her visitor a cordial welcome and urged him to await her father's return.

"My father feels his wounding deeply," the girl said. "He would be sorely disappointed if he heard you were here and he had not seen you."

Sturgis regretted he would be unable to prolong his visit. Pressing matters called him back to New Orleans almost forthwith. Without further words he made a clean breast of his mission. He had come to ask Patrice to marry him. He did ask her—spoke the important words within ten minutes after he had arrived, as they were seated on the broad gallery.

"My!" gasped Patrice, flushing scarlet. "You are diplomats, indeed! You fairly take my breath away!"

Yet her words carried no reproach, only honest astonishment at the suddenness of the ardent petition. Sturgis, however, was not learned in the ways of women. He was a man of action essentially. He missed the situation.

"I am pressed for time, little one," he apologized, startled at his own boldness. "Barely could steal the opportunity to run up here. Must be added by way of further palliation.

The unfortunate words were as a match to a fuse. Patrice's eyes were afire in an instant.

"So!" she flashed. "What considerations have you, for instance, that take precedence over your asking for a wife? Pray, do not for the instant allow thought of me to interfere with or disconcert your other plans, obviously of the greater moment. Indeed, I should be distracted at the thought that matters of real importance should lie neglected while you 'steal time' to honor me with declarations of affection. Oh, sir, I beseech that you dispatch that business which has first claim on your attentions, and then turn to the less material enterprise of courtship!"

But a twinkle of mischievous merriment had replaced the flame of anger in her eye.

Sturgis, stung to helplessness by the realization of his appalling blunder, renewed his stammering apology.

"No efforts at amends, please," countered Patrice, raising a warning forefinger. "I understand your position perfectly. Words will only serve the purpose of confusion."

"Patrice! Patrice, hear me!" It was the voice of desperation, almost despair. "Send me away! Sentence me to exile for any period you may name—a week, a month, a year! Only grant me that some day, when by my penitence I shall have atoned, I may return and confess anew my love."

"Quite needless," assured Patrice. "Besides, your time is far too valuable to waste in lovelorn banishments or quests of love. But speaking seriously: I have no thoughts of marriage. My first duty is here—at home with my father."

Her last words lent an almost solemn seriousness to her tone.

"Please hear my story," persisted Sturgis.

"I am about to be sent away," continued Camden. "Transferred, you know. That is what led me into the unhappy statement that my time is not my own. I am to go into the diplomatic service. International work, splendid promotion. The capitals of Europe will be my field, Patrice, I love you. May I hope to take you with me?"

"Leaving on the evening train, I presume," she commented crisply.

"Still a target for your cruel shafts!" sighed Camden. "Please relent. Patrice —Patrice, I—Patrice, I love you! I love you!"

Sturgis was on his knees at her feet. He grasped her slender hand in his and pressed it to his lips.

"Won't you go?" he whispered.

Patrice freed her imprisoned hand, but not without a little struggle.

"In the diplomatic service," she observed, "you will have much to learn."

But her tone was without the sting the words imply.

"Don't! Don't!" entreated Camden. "Provided you are not ousted the first day," Patrice concluded, endeavoring to ignore the entreaty.

Sturgis rose and without a word walked away. The girl watched him as far as the gallery steps.

"Wait!" She left her chair and started toward her dismissed suitor. Sturgis paused, but without glancing back. Patrice came up behind him. For a brief moment she stood there, as if waiting for Sturgis to speak. The man, however, did not so much as turn his head. Hesitatingly, Patrice laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"Wait," she repeated. "Let's part friends. I did not mean all I said. Let us sit here," she added, indicating the freshly scrubbed whiteness of the stone steps which led from the gallery to the walk.

They were seated, and Sturgis turned expectantly to the girl.

"Forgive me, Camden," she began meekly. "I did not mean to injure your feelings. Forgive me, if I hurt you. I have spoken too hastily, but not seriously. But, indeed, you are asking the impossible? I cannot leave this place. My duty is here with my father. You are a brave, generous man. I will be proud you for your love. I am proud to be able to claim it. Everything I have I owe to you. God forbid that I should be guilty of one unpardonable sin—ingratitude. I admire your courage and your strength. Enter the diplomatic service. It is a splendid opportunity. Go away—far away —and forget. You are a man, you can—forget. Shocked innocence at the words. A name, fame, adventure, career! Your life is a mansion of many doors! I am not a man. Tell me it is different. The future lies here."

Her final words were toneless. With a languorous gesture she waved she indicated the mansion and its grounds, the quarters and the fields about. A lovely prison, but none the less prison.

"And now," she held her hand out to Sturgis, who took it and raised it to his lips. "I bid you Godspeed and farewell!"

"Patrice!"

"It is not because I do not love you."

"Patrice! Then you do——"

"Go! Go! Please go!"

The girl struggled on the brink of an emotional storm. Sturgis, a helpless derelict in a maelstrom of sentiment, sat unmoved.

"Patrice, then you do——" he faltered.

In desperation the girl stripped a locket from about her neck. She thrust it into Camden's hand.

"Take it!" she cried. "A keepsake of friendship. A token of a girl's eternal gratitude. Good-by."

She rose and precipitously fled into the house.

For some minutes Sturgis did not stir. He sat where Patrice had deserted him, lost in a bewildering labyrinth of feeling, mechanically toying with the locket.

Presently, as if brightening under the impetus of a sudden idea, he straightened to his feet, and slipping the golden treasure into his pocket, made off. He called for his horse, flung himself into the saddle, and, with abruptness that startled the negro hostler, galloped thru the driveway and off on the road.

Sturgis took a train, not back to New Orleans, but to Baton Rouge, the State capital, where he had an unexpectedly assumed but important commission to perform.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STURGIS reached New Orleans late that night and repaired at once to his home and thence to bed at his accustomed hour—eight o'clock. Sturgis was waiting.

"Well, young man," greeted Crown. "On hand bright and early, I see. Reached a decision regarding that matter of which we spoke Thursday?"

"I have," replied Sturgis.

"Have a seat and tell me about it."

"It won't take long," said Sturgis. "There isn't much to tell."

Crown regarded the young man with perplexity.

"Well?" he said.

"I cannot accept the offer," replied Camden. "I have given it a good deal of thought, and hope you will not think me inconsiderate of your kindness. Unreckoned-for contingencies have interposed themselves, so that it would not be advisable to undertake a task that would carry me out of the country."

"That, of course, was up to you," returned Crown. "There are things a man must decide for himself, I thought, however, that with your youth and education and all such a job might appeal to you, but there is plenty of reward for brains right here at home. Keep pegging right along, young fellow, the service needs such as you are."

"Chief, it is with many regrets that I take the step," announced Sturgis, "but I am going to leave the service."

"You're what?"

"I'm going to take up the practice of law, for which I was educated. I've thought it all out, and have come to the conclusion that it is best. I took my examination for admission to the bar in Baton Rouge yesterday. Furthermore, I passed. I was nervous on that score, I tell you, so I attribute my decision as regards that particular point rather suddenly, and when I took the test I hadn't looked inside a commentary for two years. It was my criminal law that pulled me thru."

"Say, young man, I thought——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Crown, but I know just what you think," forestalled Sturgis. "You think that now as I am just getting into the spirit of the work it is strange that I should leave it. And you are right. It is strange. Matters took an unanticipated turn. A week ago if any one had told me I was to take this course I would have scoffed at him."

"Shan't say another word," concluded the chief, well aware that Sturgis was concealing far more than but indisposed to pry into his affairs. Were it not his last day in the service it might have been different. A man has his own life to live and his own problems to solve," he added. "If you're ready, just sit down and write out your resignation, and I'll accept it as one of my last official acts."

A few minutes later witnessed the transformation. Detective Sturgis became Camden Sturgis, attorney-at-law.

"In my absence from active duty just now I almost forgot to mention," said Crown, as Sturgis was about to take his leave, "that an interesting development in the Wade case came to light this morning."

"Yes?" said Sturgis, expectantly.

"Did you notice a paragraph in the morning papers about a woman's body being found in a swamp in St. Bernard parish?"

"Yes, the Times-Picayune made quite a mystery of it."

"Well, it is a mystery no longer. The

$62.95 For $80.00 Buggy
Save money by buying direct from the factory. Wards mean
Wardway National Buggy
—made with Sarven patent, selected hickory wheels—every detail high-grade. Worth $80.00. Guaranteed satisfactory or your money back. Send for description of all kinds of buggies and vehicles—FREE. Address house nearest you.
Montgomery Ward & Co.
New York Chicago Kansas City Ft. Worth Portland, Ore.

All Wool Serge
Made-to-Order Lining and Trimmings Guaranteed for 2Years
Suit $15
Amazing low price for all-wool Serge Suit. Made to your order from best quality fabric, strictly guaranteed quality, color, correct fit and high grade linings and trimmings throughout. Send for FREE SAMPLES and STYLE BOOK showing all the latest styles. Write today for full particulars of this offer. Be well dressed and save $5 to $10 on every suit. Write today.
THE OLD WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dept. 750 CHICAGO, ILL.

ALL FREE
Gold plated Locket set with Ruby and 2 Diamonds and 2-Link Gold plated Bracelet
to Obtain Agent's Outfit
Send Name, Address and Age
EN FREE for selling only 12 pieces Jewelry at 10c each. Write for Jewelry to-day. Address
Eagle Watch Co.
Dept. 69, East Boston, Mass.

CORNET GIVEN!
We teach you to play by mail and will give you a Beautiful Cornet or any Brass Band Instrument absolutely FREE. Pay us only as lessons are taken. Instrument is sent with first lesson. Complete lessons in every case. Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Write today for our booklet and wonderful tuition offer.
INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL
6210 Federal Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED
Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 4 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you to success without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 32 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

HERB DOCTOR RECIPE BOOK 10c
Worth $2. Teaches how to make medicines from herbs for all diseases. Over 250 recipes and herb secrets. IND. HERB GARDENS, Box D, Hammond, Ind.

500 Shot Repeating
DAISY
Air Rifle
FREE
Order from this ad.
Absolutely Free—for a limited time only—this famous Daisy Air Rifle if you order from this advertisement. A constant source of amusement for any boy. Teaches accuracy and trains steadiness of nerves. Best of all, gives loads of fun. The same Daisy Air Rifle that costs Keepers sell $1.50 for!
Why do we give this remarkable rifle free? Because we want to add a large number of new customers right away. We want several thousand mothers to send for this wonderful 8-piece outfit and learn what extra value is in our boys' clothing. Just mail P. O. order for $1.00. Send now—while this offer lasts.
$1 And You Get This Boys' New Stylish 8-Piece Outfit
(Complete from head to foot)
Astounding?—Yes! For here's better quality at a lower price than others sell for cash. You will be proud to see your boy in these snappy, up-to-date clothes. Wonderful, too, a wonderful money-saving bargain. Don't miss this!
Order by No. S-55
On Credit!
We ship on approval. Money back if you say so. Outfit includes:—
"Manley" Pinch Back Norfolk Suit Is specially well made and unsuitable patch pockets with flaps to give boys' lively, active style. Strongly stitched throughout with best thread. Splendid fast color fabrics in neat, dressy patterns. Guaranteed to launder beautifully. Sizes 3 to 10 years. Order by No. S-55.
Sturdy Shoes Our Best Ever Comfortable, long wearing, perfect fitting, best throughout. Sizes up to 6.
Percale Waist Fast color Percale with soft collar attached. Sizes 6 to 14.
Handsome Tie Silk knitted. Fancy patterns. Assorted colors.
Latest Pinch Back Cap Fancy Buck Brand. Sizes 6½ to 7½. Order by No. S-55.
3 Pair Stockings Fancy Buck Brand. Reinforced knees.
Order Today! Send only a dollar bill or P. O. Order and we will send you this wonderful 8-piece outfit for your inspection. Remember, the Daisy Air Rifle is absolutely free if you order from this advertisement. We guarantee satisfaction. Send now while this offer lasts. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.
ALSO FREE—Big Bargain Catalog of women's, men's, boys' and girls' clothing. Send for the catalog whether you order outfit or not. Shows you amazing bargains on credit.
Send for big Bargain Catalog of women's, men's, boys' and girls' clothing. Free
Order by No. S-55
Measure Blank and Rule Sent Free
ELMER RICHARDS CO. W. 35th St. Dept. 1754 Chicago, Ill.

body was that of Eloise Wade. One of my men identified it today. She must have wandered out there during a mental lapse. Rather an unpleasant way to die."

Sturgis agreed that it was.

Three days later the house in Fortier street was closed, and Camden's mother had returned to her old home in Ohio. Sturgis was busy with many affairs. Acadia incident to his preparation to establish himself as a lawyer in his chosen field. This chosen field was Acadia, Rapides parish, Louisiana.

Attorney Sturgis leased a suite of rooms over the First National Bank. Acadia's most pretentious business edifice—a two-story brick—and moved in his newly acquired belongings. All quiet and spare the new place was, with a glass-topped desk, Oriental rugs, mahogany table and tiers of bookcases containing impressive rows of calf-skin-bound volumes—the best the shops of New Orleans afforded. His Princeton diploma and certificate of admission to the Louisiana bar adorned the walls. The stage was set for the final act of the drama of the Great Adventure.

A sign writer came up from New Orleans and lettered this legend on each window:

"CAMDEN C. STURGIS

"Lawyer."

Thus intrenched to lay siege to the heart of Patrice Wade, Sturgis executed a strange maneuver. He abandoned his office after a relentless forenoon, engaged a saddle horse and galloped down the east road which led to Wade Hall.

He passed George, the field hand, plodding by the roadside, and his face brightened the negro's countenance. He was singing as he worked, after the fashion of his race—happy. And the negroes were, because of the return of "Massa Cunnel." The negro nodded grinning recognition to Sturgis, and Sturgis was pleased the young lawyer. Already he felt himself an accepted fixture in the community.

Colonel Wade, ensconced in an easy chair on the noble gallery of his manor, sipped a mint julep, and Sturgis, child, the venerable butler of the household, had just brought. He gathered his brow-set with his faculties to the matter which had engrossed him and at times vexed him, for several days. His personal affairs, which had seemed to have been under the administration of Henri, were deplorably involved.

But this was not that concerned the Colonel most. It was Patrice that worried him. The girl appeared unhappy. True, she never complained, in fact she did her best to keep up cheerful appearances, but the eyes of a father are sharp, and a word, a look, or a sigh can speak volumes. For a week the girl had not been herself.

Could it be—but the old man shrank from the thought. But one course remained for him now—a life of retirement on the old home place. Without his little girl to cheer his declining years even this would be unbearable. Yet to blight a young life—

In his preoccupation the Colonel did not notice the arrival of Sturgis, who rode unannounced thru the porte-cochere, turned over his mount to a stable boy and started across the lawn to join the Colonel.

Colonel Wade did not catch sight of his visitor until he set foot upon the gallery steps.

"Good evening, Colonel."

"Ah, Sturgis!" exclaimed the Colonel, in delighted surprise, rising and hastening by none too steady steps to greet his caller. "Welcome, thrice welcome, indeed, to Wade Hall! As I remarked to my daughter this morning, sir, we had begun to wonder if you had forgotten us."

The men clasped hands warmly, Colonel Wade bending from his bow touched with the punctilio of the old school.

Sturgis said something about having been very busy. The Colonel's remark, the import of which was not quite clear, had taken him rather by surprise. Could it be that Patrice had said nothing of his recent visit to Wade Hall?

"My daughter said she had heard something about your going away on a diplomatic mission, it appears, to a foreign country," added the Colonel, as he led Camden to a chair. "I regret that it is but a rumor. I should regret indeed, sir, to learn that you are to leave us."

"Well, I did think something of leaving for a time," replied Sturgis, guardedly. "A foreign post was offered me, but after thinking it over I declined."

"Then you are not going? Well, I am right pleased to hear it, for sure. You remain in New Orleans, then?"

"No," returned Sturgis. "I have resigned from the Government service and am practicing law."

"Practicing law!"

"And opened my office in Acadia today."

"You—what! Oh, you are jesting, to be sure."

"On the contrary, Colonel," said Camden, "I am entirely serious. You see, I was educated for the law—Princeton—and went into the secret service rather as a lark. I had my fling and now am prepared to settle down to serious work."

"And in casting about for a likely spot for a young lawyer to establish himself and build up a lucrative practice you selected Acadia, sir? Why, Excuse me, sir, if I enjoy a laugh at your expense."

And the Colonel did laugh—heartily—and apparently with immense enjoyment.

"My dear Colonel," replied Sturgis, smiling, "perhaps I have not made the whole situation clear to you. I realize Acadia is no bustling metropolis, but I have some reasons for living, and shall not be dependent upon my fees altogether. Then again, Acadia, I believe, is a quiet historic church about the village and the countryside that has come to fascinate me. There is a delightful story behind in my readings. How I passed the bar examination is a mystery. I intend to devote the next year to research and sort of lazing around, absorbing some of the congeniality this environment inspires."

"You speak as a young man in love!" ejaculated the Colonel, innocently, apparently quite unaware that Sturgis had brought to the face of the young man. "But have a mint julep, and we shall drink to Acadia."

Uncle Todd appeared as if by the promptings of magic, disappeared and presently returned again, bearing two fragrant juleps. Colonel Wade on a sudden had lapsed into thoughtful silence, an unusual circumstance, unconscious retouching his countenance. He received his glass gravely, made to raise it to his lips, then paused for a brief minute before he spoke. Camden had fallen to watching his host wonderingly.

"Well, well," Colonel Wade spoke to himself from his reverie, at length, "here is to Acadia's second lawyer, Judge Pemberton's only rival. To his health and prosperity. May the congeniality of these environs work him its spell that he cannot live without it."

Judge Pemberton—hitherto Acadia's sole representative at the bar—was a courtly old gentleman, indeed, presided over no court of law, his title notwithstanding. He was the father of the belle any one who has ever been so much as a candidate for justice of the peace is a "judge" in Acadia, by his title.

The Colonel had a few sips of his beverage, and, after an expressive "Ah!" of satisfaction, set the glass down on the broad arm of his chair.

"Young man," said he, leaning forward and regarding Sturgis earnestly, "it warms the cockles of my heart to hear one speak of this country here as you have spoken. I love it, sir—love it well. No wonder; the garden spot of the earth is Louisiana. And Rapides is the fairest of all the parishes. Why, I was born right in this house. It has been my home all my life. Good fortune always attended me here. Trouble came only when I strayed away, seeking the mirage-ted cities which gild the horizon of ambition.

"This old plantation and I are kinfolks. I remember it first in the bloom that was the South's before the war. A land of peace, plenty and contentment. Then the storm came. My father and my two elder brothers went off to the army, and the second year of the war I went off, too, the stripling that I was. He was the last of his family to come back. And what a sight greeted my eyes on my return! Fields laid waste, the whole region despoiled. My beloved South crushed and overwhelmed. Then came the dark days of the reconstruction—but you are a Northern man, and I mean no offense, for I bear the North no umbrage.

"By degrees the spirit of our people returned; they threw off the yoke and gradually welcomed back prosperity. Then I followed the South's example. I sought wealth and won it. I wandered far from these peaceful surroundings. In this world are many sorrow, of which you know. And now, an old man, full of years and bent with many burdens, I return to the land I am sure is where I belong. With what memories and what regrets and what serene anticipations may I establish myself in these fields again! Ah, it soothes my heart."

The Colonel paused, as if dwelling on the psychological echo of his own reflections.

"I shall not weary you with an old man's maundering, Sturgis. What I was getting to is this: My affairs are too much for me. I need help. I need a helper who is trusted and spirit, and the one who feels a friendship for these surroundings to relieve me of active charge of his estate. Also, I need a man who New Orleans looked after my business, but my New Orleans connections are severed and I am left alone. The one debt I already owe you is greater than ever I can pay, may I therefore seek to add to that debt? Will you come to engage your services as sort of confidential secretary and manager of my estate? Some land is at stake, and land be one of its people."

"Oh, papa, look what——"

The interrupting voice and the silvery laugh accompanying it. Camden recognized instantly. Involuntarily he turned his head in time to behold Patrice, brimming with radiance, burst thru the door and romp merrily. At sight of the sight of her father's caller her expression quickly changed. A wreath of roses she had come for her father to fell from her hands as she stared in speechless amazement.

"You!" she exclaimed her father, at a loss to interpret her strange behavior, "don't you recognize Mr. Sturgis?"

Patrice, recovering herself sufficiently, advanced shyly and held out her hand. Sturgis took it and endeavored to assure her with a glance.

Patrice took her place beside her father's chair and rested an arm about his neck. Her outward calm masked a heart fluttering with excitement. What was the meaning of this visit? A thousand times she had regretted her part in the painful episode of the week past. Her life had been miserable, but she had striven earnestly to conceal all trace of her distress. But had her father divined it?

"Mr. Sturgis," her father began, addressing his daughter, "is not going abroad for the State of the Government service and is practicing law in Acadia. I have induced him to come to make his home with us. I am going to retire, and Mr. Sturgis will have active direction of the place."

"Papa!"

"Your father rather overstates the case, my dear," Camden added Camden, seeking to clarify the situation. "He had only asked me to assist him in a legal capacity, as Pemberton is old, but before I had time to return an answer you came."

"Perhaps my announcement is somewhat premature," admitted Colonel Wade. "But you accept?"

"If it is agreeable to you, I should." Camden questioned Patrice with his eyes.

The Colonel saw his daughter's face crimson. Her eyes met the dejected old look that had brooded there for days. The light of love was in them! In that short minute the Colonel saw more than he pretended to see.

"We shall consider the matter closed," he announced. "Sturgis, now, what I would like to know is, where, Patrice, did you get authority for the statement that Mr. Sturgis had any intention of going to Europe?"

Patrice and Camden again exchanged quick glances. The Colonel's eye caught as alert as either of theirs.

"Hem!" he coughed, perfunctorily, rising from his chair. "I see you young people will excuse me I'll be off about the stable to see to that little driving mare of mine that I promised to break. I fear I've raised a question that you young folks best can settle among your-selves—and alone."

The Colonel's form had scarcely disappeared thru the doorway when Patrice turned to Sturgis.

"Camden," she implored, almost breathlessly, "is it true?"

"Yes," he whispered, answering collectively the hundred unspoken interrogatories that quivered on her lips.

Patrice dropped her eyes and began tracing patterns on the floor with the toe of her slipper.

"Patrice!"

He held out his arms. She hesitated for just a moment, then surrendered herself to his crushing embrace.

The End.

Hospitable.

"People who live in the country have no business having guests," declared the man with the bundle of garden seed.

"Why," agreed the conductor, "they haven't."

"We had the darndest flood you ever saw the last time company came to our house. The first guest stepped into a puddle that came over his shoe tops. He borrowed a pair of my socks. The second fellow stepped in water up to his waist and borrowed socks, trousers and underwear. By the time the fourth man arrived I had already provided my last sock, my last undergarment and my last pair of trousers, excepting my wedding pants."

"Wedding pants!" inquired the conductor. "He hasn't kept the suit you were married in all this time, have you?"

"Oh, no, not the trousers I was married in! They were made over long ago into a suit for my boy. This was a pair of trousers I had had pressed to wear to my own wedding, and which was scheduled for the following day. I didn't want to spoil the crease the cleaner had put in them, so I had them hung up done up nicely in tissue paper and pins and things. Then, I said to myself, 'Take them off. They are the only trousers I have left in the house. They are my wedding pants, but you've got to have 'em.' But the man was afraid to accept them.

"By the time all the guests arrived it looked as if I would have to wear the wedding pants. Some of the fellows dried their own socks and put them on again. Most of them hung their clothes over the fire-place, and left their wet ones at my house.

"Were yours good traders?" inquired the conductor curiously.

"Good enough to trade even so that a fellow with a bunch of cotton ones could easily get some pretty good quality in exchange, for most men go out to dine well socked."

"Yes," responded the man with the garden seed, "socks were the question, but they were good and dry. I needed a pair to wear to the wedding the next day and I hadn't a thing but the wedding pants were intact I had no wedding socks."

"And so you got out of going to the wedding," suggested the conductor.

"No, I did not."

"Then I'll bet a pair of your wife's stockings," whispered the conductor.

"I did," responded the man with the bundle of garden seed, "and that she had darned and darned. In fact, they were the darndest pair you ever saw! Talk about hospitality!"

And the man with the bundle of garden seed hurried off the car.

If you steal another man's good story and tell it yourself better than he did you deserve a medal with ribbon to match, if you spoil it in telling you double the original offense.

"Always Does the Work and Does It Right"

ROUGH ON RATS

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Unbeatable Exterminator of Rats, Mice & Bugs
Used the World Over—Is Guaranteed
It Can't fail—It's All Exterminator
Rats Leave Premises to Get a Drink
Mice Die Outside
Bugs Disappear
On your food or on Catch Penny ready-to-use substitutes—Refuse to Insert Name and Guarantee
Why Trap Rats & Mice One By One,
Not Kill Every One Quickly Forever?
END THEM ALL TO-NIGHT WITH a 25c box of ROUGH ON RATS
The Household Remedy—Pocket Size
All Drug and Country Stores

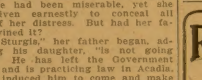
LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great "Vitalized" Pessaries—a positive cure of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No "Pain" part of the treatment. Mail $2.00. Double Strength, $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. SOUTHWORTH REMEDY CO. 1328 Main St. Kansas City, Mo.

TAPE-WORM Expelling alive in 60 minutes; head and all. Write for booklet, or no fee. No fasting. 25 page Book for 5c stamp. DR. M. HAY SMITH, Specialist, 609 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free. Short breath, swollen heart, kidneys in bad shape, swelling and water reduced in a few days. Relieves in 30 days. Write at once. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

FREE Catalog of Sporting Goods, Blades, Ladestone, Cards, Strippers, etc. A. SELTZ CO., Newark, N.J.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer



Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, is will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of any of the many other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say that they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says after trying it, "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they pained dreadfully; now, they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules given in the prescription. Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear almost instantly, for even the smart and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, every time you take a spoon of food, when now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved sight if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Above prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a most remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight in 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in Chicago by the Independent Drug Co., Buck & Rayner, the Public Drug Co. and other druggists.

NO SATIN WORLD.

This is not a satin world where everything goes smooth,
No tent upon a silver shore nor yet an Orient booth.
This world is plain rag carpet, with some calico to boot,
And if it does not please us we will have to make it suit.

It's not all pleasant sailing on this ocean of our life,
For storms are always breaking and the decks are stirred with strife.
It's quite a windy planet, with some thunder and some rain,
But, oh, how sweet its solace if we only bear its pain!

Some think it's velvet brussels all along the daily road,
With naught but song and gladness and no wearing of the sod,
It's not all woven tapestry by any means till you,
Have borne your share of sorrow as the Lord ordains you to.

It's just a cornbread country, and the cake we eat we win
By sacrifice and service and a daily fight with sin.
So don't expect the roses while the garden's full of weeds,
And somewhere there's a brother with a heart that aches and bleeds!

HORRORS OF FASHION.

"I have been downtown," Loretta said wearily as she sank into the Morris chair. "And I have come home perfectly discouraged."

"You must have bought that 'extra' about that invasion from Juarez and Tia Juana," her brother said. "I saw the headlines."

"It isn't war," Loretta declared. "It's only styling colors that bother me. I went down to look for a hat and a spring suit and I have brought back only a lot of samples of all the hideous colors known. My theory is that the manufacturers have a lot of dyes left on their hands and have to use them all up now before they become stale."

"Possibly the warring colors are the result of experiments in America," her brother suggested. "Some old women up in the woods have been trying to make dyes out of herbs, I suppose. According to the novels, all the old women in the woods are always digging herbs."

"I looked at hats first," Loretta said. "I saw them in bright and startling greens, vivid purples, mottled yellows streaked reds and fearful pinks, and then I saw them with all the colors at once. Some had painted crowns and some had embroidered brims and some had red, white and blue feather dusters, but they all tried to get all the possible colors in in all the most brilliant shades. I looked at them until I was speechless—"

"They must have been awful."

"And then I decided I'd use my dark brown hat that is left over from last year," Loretta went on. "So I went over to the suits and gowns and stood next to a fat woman in a red and green plaid coat to be waited on. They showed me a suit that looked like the stained glass that we children used to paint—remember?"

"My artistic work was really wonderful in a day of early age," her brother said loftily. "Probably you allude to your own."

"Probably I allude to both," Loretta laughed. "I don't mind saying that I made a design for a book cover when I was in school, and my drawing teacher said she couldn't make out whether I had intended it for wall paper or had spilled my paints by accident."

"The tragedies of youth!"

"Well, I gave the suit just one look," Loretta went on, "and called the salesperson that I wanted something quiet. The next one she showed me was a green suit with lemon-colored ruffs and collar, and when I said I didn't like that she sighed and brought out a mustard-colored one with purple cuffs and collar."

"I saw somewhere that pistache braid was going to be used," her brother said. "I don't usually read fashions, but they stuck that item next to a financial column and I lost my place and read as far as that before I noticed that I was in the right church but the wrong pew. Now I am glad I remembered it to help you."

"She brought out dozens of others," Loretta continued. "But they got worse and worse. Almost every single one had some sort of deformed pockets or a collar or cuffs in some horrible shade of some impossible color that nobody will ever find becoming."

"What do they care as long as it's the latest thing?"

"I went over to the silk sweaters then," Loretta sighed. "But I saw all I wanted of them as they lay on the counter. A sallow girl was trying on a bright green one with red trimmings and yellow buttons and I heard her friends tell her she looked just grand in it."

"If her friends were pleased it was all right."

"It's been worrying me all the way home," Loretta confessed. "And I have been wondering how we are going to stand it when all the fat and yellow women are wearing the awful colors. It's going to be like one shriek."

"Don't you mean a scream?"

"No, because it isn't funny," Loretta said, gathering up her wraps to go to her room. "Too I suppose people with good taste and ability to look all the nicer because so many have bad taste."

"Seems to me that's the point," chuckled her brother. "Every woman is quite certain that her own taste is perfect, no matter what the rest of you wear."

Considerable Rat.

"When it comes to a fight I always bet on the fellow that has no reputation," said the bos'n. "That is because I know a reputation is the thing in sports, in art and literature. I went to a concert once and heard a fellow with a reputation sing. Every one said it was great, but it wasn't. Then I went to see a story that is particularly punk I always know that a fellow with a rep did it. And I always know whether such things are good or not unless there is a reputation to go with 'em, but with fighting it's different. There has to be a showdown.

"I remember a man in Java who had a ferret. He used to carry it around with him from the ferret as if it was a buzzsaw, and they used to feed it to keep it from eating their fingers. Naturally a reputation that ferret could kill rats in its sleep. The hotel man said he was willing to bet that his ferret could kill more rats than two cats.

"This angered a fellow who owned a cat. The cat's owner said that his cat had already licked nine dogs and a camel, and that he could kill rats while resting between fights with other cats.

"Then I told them both that there was a rat aboard the Slippity Sue that was some rat, and that I was looking around for a subject I'd set a trap for the rat and the bet would be on.

"They agreed, and the next night the man took his cat to the hotel and I took my rat in a big cage. When the cat was put down on the barroom floor he looked around for a leg to rub against, and when the ferret was put down he looked around for something to eat.

"Then I told them to clear for action, as I was going to let the rat out and then look for something to eat. I gave warning for nobody to get between me and the stepladder. The rat was running around in the cage like a squirrel in a runaway band wagon wheel, and when I pressed the spring he came out of the trap like one of those things you press a spring and get hit in the nose by something that jumps out of the box.

"The rat hit the ferret. The ferret said 'Squeak' and away he flew, the rat after him. Then the rat saw the cat. The cat was soon scrambling up a post, nervous.

"All the spectators were on top of the bar by this time. The ferret had also climbed up to the scantling near the ceiling and pulled the stepladder up after me.

"The rat showed his teeth in a kind of sneering way and then crawled off. I suppose he was looking for food.

"Anyway, he had gone into the fight without any reputation. And I always bet on the fellow who has a rep to make just on account of that little happening."

Saving the Property.

"That reminds me," smilingly remarked Congressman Henderson of Jacoway, of Arkansas, at a recent smokefest when the talk topic switched to railroad incidents.

"Some time ago a rather young person of the Algernon type, who was traveling on one of the thru trains, insisted on raising the car window and shoving his head far out into the flying scenery. Time and time again the conductor warned him of his danger, but the cautioning words availed nothing.

Finally, after the train had gone some twenty-five miles further, the conductor again returned and gave his attention to Algernon.

"Pardon me," he politely remarked, touching the youth on the shoulder, "but this time I am compelled to insist that you keep your head within the car."

"Is that so?" was the grinful rejoinder of Algy. "May I ask why?"

"Certainly," came the cold, hard blow of the conductor. "We are coming to a bridge, and I don't want the girders damaged."

A LOVER'S ENVY.

I envy every flower that blows
Along the meadow where she goes;
And every bird that sings to her
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That stirs her heart at eventime;
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest blooms, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires;
I only ask to live for her,
I only ask to-give to her
All that her heart desires.

—Henry van Dyke.

The Right Shade.

Mrs. Blank had in her employ a colored maid who belonged to a "funeral club," which binds all its members to attend every funeral of a member upon receipt of notification. One morning Dinah asked for time that afternoon to attend a funeral, and Mrs. Blank, knowing that Dinah would have to pay a fine if she did not attend, gave reluctant consent. At the appointed hour Dinah's mistress saw her coming up the stairs, ready to go out. To Mrs. Blank's horror Dinah was dressed in a bright scarlet dress with a large scarlet willow plume on her hat, and a red parasol in her hand.

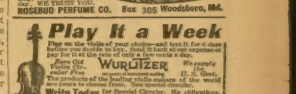
"Why, Dinah, I thought you were going to a funeral," said Mrs. Blank.

"Yes, I'm going to a funeral," said Dinah.

"But you ought not to wear red to a funeral," said Mrs. Blank. "You ought to be dressed quietly in a dark dress."

Dinah poked the toe of her shoe with her parasol and meditated a moment, and then said, "Well, I reckon I won't go back and change now, I'll just wear this."

Some three weeks after this Dinah approached her mistress and told her that she was going to leave, because she was going to be married. Mrs. Blank expressed her astonishment, saying that she didn't know Dinah even had an admirer. Dinah simpered and twisted the corner of her apron and said: "No, I didn't have one until just lately! Does you remember that funeral I went to one time when I wore my red dress? Well, missus, dat shade of red done ketched the eye of de corpse's husband!"



SPECIAL SEED OFFER

A Big Collection of Vegetable or Flower Seeds With One Year's Subscription to The Farming Business—50 Cents.

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR THE FARMING BUSINESS

for a year and we will send you, without cost, your choice of the vegetable seed or the flower seed collection, postpaid. There are fourteen packets in each set, all guaranteed to be fresh seeds and up to the standard in every way.

VEGETABLE GARDEN

This collection is enough for a complete garden of vegetables. One packet each of the following:

BEET, Crosby's Egyptian.
CABBAGE, All Seasons.
CARROT, Oxheart.
CUCUMBER, Everbearing.
LETTUCE, Black Seeded Simpson.
MUSKMELON, Rocky Ford.
WATERMELON, Kleckley's Sweet.
ONION, Yellow Globe Danvers.
PARSNIP, Improved Hollow Crown.
RADISH, Burgess' Prize Mixture.
SPINACH, Victoria.
SQUASH, Genuine Hubbard.
TURNIP, Early Purple Top.
TOMATO, Ponderosa.

FLOWER GARDEN

This is the finest assortment of flower seeds ever offered. One packet each of the following:

SWEET PEAS, Choice Mixture.
CANDYTUFT, All colors mixed.
CALENDULA, Double Mixed.
CALLIOPSIS, Finest Mixed.
COSMOS, Plant Mixture.
LARKSPUR, Mixed.
MARIGOLD, Giant African.
MIGNONETTE, Sweet.
MORNING GLORY, Choice Mixture.
NASTURTIUM, Tall Sorts, Choice.
PHLOX DRUMMONDI, Best Mixture.
POPPY, Double and Single, all colors.
SCABIOSA, Extra Select.
SWEET SULTAN, Mixed.

The Farming Business itself is a bargain at 50 cents a year—52 issues, less than 1 cent per copy. There is no other paper like it. No matter how many others you take, you cannot afford to be without The Farming Business if you are interested in any way in the business of farming. And in addition to the help which this paper gives the farmer it has interesting reading matter for every member of the family.

Fill out the order below—mail it now, before the supply of these seeds runs out.

THE FARMING BUSINESS,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

I inclose 50 cents, for which send me The Farming Business for one year, and as a gift, the.....seed collection.
(State which collection you want.)

Name .....

Street, R. F. D.....

City.....State.....

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription otho—Double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

"BEN BOLT"---The Kid That You Were Yourself.

An Old Seaman's Yarn.

"Did I ever tell you the tale, sir, of the rate on the Mary Ann? How we suited their tails to catch 'em and slaughtered them to a mass—all except one hearty varmint, a silly old bundle of rats, who, when 'e 'ad dodged us nicely! put 'a paw to 'e nose and laughed!

"But one day we trapped 'im nicely and all of us crowded round—did 'a grin up the scuttle, d'you say, and—not a bit of it, you be bonded. No, 'e jumped on the deck rail, blew me a kiss, and the mighty leap he landed on top of a very fat, juicy rat and ate 'im for 'is dinner!"

Parson—"But aren't you the same couple that I married last month?"

Groom Elect—"Yes—but fully got a divorce for neglect, because I forgot to kiss her while shaving."

Equipped.

"Do you think your wife would excel in statesmanship if she had an opportunity?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "Henrietta is not only a powerful hand in a regular convention, but she has a gift for a prolonged discourse that would make her a wonder at filibustering."

TOPLINERS.

Bareback Bill! Behold him pass,
Quicker than a precinct count.
To the camel from the ass.

Changes from mount to paramount!
Now he'll try to ride 'em double—
Fellow cits, prepare for trouble!

Next we have bold Theodore
(Extra his cognomen allires),
Bedded-headed caricature,
Leader of the lads who strive.
Pa, I'm glad you're not a rider!
Have no ass that foil Mister party.)

Here our present President,
William T.—speak not in haste—
Please observe that what we resent
By "greatest" is 'round the waist!
William packs the balance wright,
Twixt Mild William and Tough Teddy.

Lastly, here's the ollio's star,
Woodrow, who with chin unfurled,
Gave all precedents a jar,
Fired the "put" hand round the world
He whose rabbit is a beagle,
And whose dove of peace an eagle!

Teacher—"Now, Polly, will you tell me what a man gets?"

Polly—"Yeth, ma'am. It lith a woman who hath not got a husband."

Could Do Better.

The late John Philip Sousa, who for twenty years traveled all over America arousing the electric patriotic wheel and other cheating devices used, in gambling, had a reform story that he would tell while exhibiting his queer paraphernalia in Detroit one day.

"Don't be afraid of reform," he said. "Don't be afraid, either, who wants to reform. The way most people act you'd think they all inherited religiously in the reform stock.

"You stopped smoking because she asked you to? was the question put to a solemn-looking chap.

"Yes."

"And you stopped swearing because she asked you to?"

"Yep."

"And you gave up your poker parties and went into refined, serious society for the same reason?"

"Yep, yep, yep."

"And if you never married her,' "Well, you see, after I'd reformed like that, I found I could do better."

Auto Owner—"We had better stop."

Chauffeur—"What for?"

Owner—"Why, that deaf, dumb and blind man we bumped over is calling out our number."

Not Always the Same.

Mary, writing a letter: "Which shall I say, 'Mrs. Brown called last evening,' or 'Mrs. Brown called last night?'"

Earl, looking up from his paper: "Either expression will do; they mean the same thing."

"If that is the case, why do we say 'Good evening' when a visitor calls, and 'Good night' when he goes?"

"From force of habit, I presume. Evening and night are synonymous terms."

"Well, they may be synonymous, but when my name appears in the society column I guess you would rather have me report say that I appeared clad in a tasteful evening gown instead of saying I was clad in a tasteful nightgown."

One at a Time.

We were talking about keeping during the dinner hour, when old Sam Smith said:

"Aw well remember what a success Aw used ter be at singin'. Don jw know, AW were singin' once at Ye Trade hall, Manchester, an' I 'ard Aw was presented me with a bouquet.

"Well, Aw thought, Aw'll sing 'Oh, the very first time Aw sang in public Aw was presented with a bouquet.'

"Aw got the bottom side faire mad.

"It's a fact, sir, Aw don't 'owse,' said Aw, looking as sober as a judge.

"How did 't' get it?" asked Sam, still unbelieving.

"Aw geet it one brick at a time!" was the reply.

A Great Flatterer.

"Does your wife pay you any compliments?" said Frederick Jimson of his friend Benderley.

"Never," replied Benderley.

"Well, mine does; she flatters me."

"Oh, yes, frequently—particularly in what you replied Frederick.

"Why does she flatter you so much in the line?"

"Whenever the cost fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate.'

Then They Clinched.

"Your boy licked my Johnny. You should lecture him for hitting a boy smaller than himself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Well, you just go back and lecture your kid on the impredence of talking smack to a boy bigger than he is."

Elusive Mechanism.

"Well, have you familiarized yourself with all the working parts of your automobile yet?"

"No," replied the discouraged motorist. "Every time I take an inventory I find another something missing."

Film Comedy.

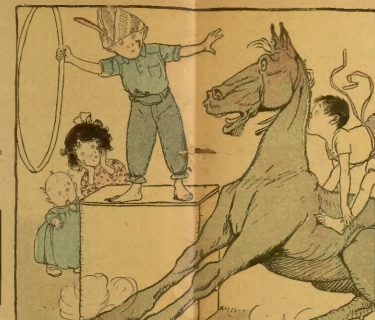
"This moving-picture comedian has a large round face."

"Yes. Satire endowed him with the sort of face that is an ideal target for custard pies."

The Whole Story.

"Tell me, how did you come to marry your second husband?"

"My first one died."



Don't you remember our circus, Ben Bolt,
When you tackled the bare-backer's stunts?
How you flattened your nose on the earth of old Rome,
When she came to a stop all at once.

Hobbies.

"I want three yards of ball twine mine," said the grocery boy soon complained my feelin' better this morn'n."

"In a minute, sir."

Confession.

Jones—"What, drinking so soon after breakfast? Where is your self-control?"

Nosh—"Gone! I've sent it to the brother."

His Voice.

"I want a voice for waltz."

"But you are willing to offer the rest of yourself?"

Pat's Paradoxical Condition.

Mrs. Casey—"An' how are all yer folks, Mrs. O'Brien?"

Mrs. O'Brien—"It's all well they do be exclaimin' me own man. He'd been exclaimin' me feelin' better this mornin'."

Ambitions.

"Is your new motor car a good hill climber?"

"I don't replied Mr. Chuggins. "I only wish it would draw the line at hills. Sometimes it wants to try a treeless or a telegraph pole."

Hey Reply.

"We started housekeeping on fifteen dollars a week."

"If you want to try that now, ma, you and pa would strive to death before your honeymoon was over."

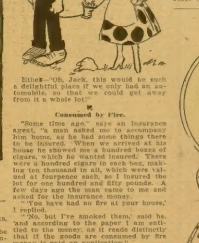
An Eye for Beauty.

"Has he a sense of fairness?"

"Goodness, yes! He can tell them a block away."

THE FAILURE'S LURE.

"Oh, Bill!" says my wife to me,
"Look Peters at this—John Spodds is dead!
Think of it! He was just your age.
And my classmate!
What a wonderful man he was!
President of a bank at 35,
Trust organizer, captain of industry—
Still in the 'roaring '40s'
And blown out like a candle in the wind!
John liked me, too, in the long ago—
You know, he never married!
Widowers—"
Then she stopped and mused.
And I thought how Spodds and his men,
In this town of a wooden overcoat: alone,
Is sad—old.
Scrapped. And my wife looked at me
Kind of queer;
And her lips moved and I made out the
Awful "failures."
And I grinned at her and says, says I:
"I says, 'Old John
Is share a failure!
He's dead!"



Ethel—"Oh, Jack, this would be such a delightful place if we only had an automobile, so that we could get away from it a whole lot!"

Consumed by Fire.

"Some time ago," says an insurance agent, "a man asked me to examine his home, as he had some things there to be insured. When we arrived at his house he showed me a hundred boxes of cigars, which he wanted insured. There were a hundred cigars in each box, making ten thousand in all, which were valued at fourpence each, so I insured the lot for one hundred and fifty pounds. A few days ago the man came to me and asked for the insurance money.

"You have had no fire at your house, I replied.

"Oh, but I've smoked them," said he, and according to the paper I am entitled to the money, as it reads distinctly that if the goods are consumed by fire money is paid on application."

"As far as the technicalities were concerned, he was all right, but I knocked him cold about a minute later by saying that I was a non-smoker. 'All right, sir, you'll get the money. But, according to your own confession, I shall proceed at once to make a charge against you for manslaughter.'

"Well, I'll be hanged!' was all he said, and the man shook violently after he hanged the door."

Early Failure.

The young lady looked dejected as she set the mince pie before her husband. "I seem to have some trouble with cake, too, dear, but it has been a total failure."

"How was that?" bubby asked in a dispodoited tone, for he was fond of sponge cake.

"The druggist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of sponges."

What He Asked For.

A would-be funny youth, while strolling thru a provincial town carrying a bold idea, saw a notice in a shop window: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

He thought he would show how clever he was, so, stepping inside, he said to the proprietor:

"I don't see what I want."

"Then ask for it," said the proprietor. "Well, I've asked all over town for it and I cannot find one."

"I've set everything a man can want," said the other, encouragingly.

"Well, I have found as many smart men in this town that I want to find a fool—also."

Feeble said the emitting merchant, turned to an assistant, "bring a looking-glass and let this gentleman look at himself."

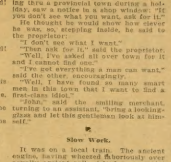
Slow Work.

It was on a local train. The ancient engine, doing its honored but wearily over equally ancient rails, jolted to a restful stop at no place in particular. Time passed tediously; some of the passengers looked anxiously out of the windows, while others drew their hats down over their eyes and tried to forget it. When a half an hour had elapsed the conductor came along.

"Hi, conductor!" said a querulous old man, "what's the trouble?"

"We're taking in water," was the explanatory reply.

"Well, why on earth don't you get another teaspoon?"



Pat—"Hello, Bill! what's the matter?" Bill—"I bet Mickey he couldn't carry me up a four story ladder, and I won."

Not Forever, She Hoped.

William Wilberforce, the slave liberator, had a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William in the campaign and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her stump speech, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted:

"Miss Wilberforce forever!"

The lady stepped forward.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but, believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever!"

Belle—"I can only be a sister to you, Jack!"

Jack—"Oh, very well—it's evident that I have made a donkey of myself!"

A Cash Transaction.

A trait in Arizona was hoarded by robbers who ordered the hapless passengers to deliver up all their possessions. One of the latter, however, happened to be a Jew, hailing from New York. When his turn came to deliver the goods he reluctantly took out a roll of dollars from his pocket and tabling them from the roll he placed the latter in his vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the robber, as he flourished his revolver.

"Mine friendt," answered the Jew, "you surely would not refuse me two as per cent discount on a cash transaction like this."

Overtakes.

After ten years of silence the two old friends met and soon were deep in conversation, relating past history to each other.

"And so you're married, old chap," said the first. "Well, heartiest congrats. I suppose it was a smart affair—church decorated, bridesmaids and all the rest of it."

"No," replied the other, slowly; "it was a shotgun affair."

"Eh, what?" cried the first. "You mean to say that—"

"Just so," said the other, slowly. "It was a shotgun affair. Overtakes."

STRIVING TO GAIN A GRIN
YE KNOW, SPOT—WERE EXPECTED TO DO SOMETHIN' FUNNY TO AMUSE THESE PEOPLE LOOKIN' AT US—THEY PAID FOR THE PAPER AN' THEY WANT A RUN FOR MONEY BUT I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO DO
ABOUT THE ONLY THING I CAN THINK OF AT PRESENT IS TO STAND ON OUR HEADS—LE'S TRY THAT.
HERE GOES—THIS MAY GIVE US SOFTENING OF THE COCO BUT I'VE GOT A DOG BACK AT HOME SO WE SHOULD WORRY—HAH?
SHUCKS! NOBODY LAFFED AT THAT. MAYBE THEY'VE SEEN THAT ACT BEFORE. SOME PEOPLE ARE AWFUL HARD TO PLEASE ANYHOW
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! SAY, CAT WE NEED YOU- WE'RE TRYIN' TO PULL OFF SOMETHIN' HERE—YE KNOW A LOT O' PEOPLE PAID A NICKEL FER THIS PAPER AN' WE'RE TRYIN' TO MAKE 'EM LAFF.
YE KNOW, I BELIEVE A GOOD SONG WOULD DO BIG CAT, YOU'VE GOT A REPUTATION AS A VOCALIST, SUCH AS IT IS—YOU KING 'THAT GOOD OLD BACK YARD MELODY "I WONDER WHO'S SCRATCHING HER NOW!"
ALL RIGHT, WE'LL GIVE YOU TIME TO RELIEVE YOURSELF OF THAT FLEA—AN' POUNTY WILL ENABLE YOU TO SING MORE BEAUTIFLEA
LADIES AN' GENES THIS IS MISS ARABELLA CAT- HER ACT WILL BE A SCREAM- SHE IS INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN AS THE OPERATIC CATARACT
THAT'S FINE, ARABELLA, YOU'D DO TO SING PER THE "MOVIES"
MATTER? DIDN'T THAT DRENCH MAKE YE WORMS? WELL JUST NOW DROP A GREAT BIG GAB OF INK DOWN, THINK I'M GOIN' TO STAND FER THAT? NIX I QUIT!
BY GEORGE, WE'LL ALL QUIT- NOBODY CAN'T PUT NOTHIN' OVER ON US LIKE THAT.

Too Many Clews

By Earl H. Emmons

"WELL, of all the crazy cases I ever got up against," declared Chief Reynolds, "this Kane affair is the worst."

Clearly the chief was puzzled, as evidenced both by his manner and his remark, which was in answer to a question he had put regarding the sensational murder case now a week old.

We had made a warm friend of the chief since Ken and myself had helped solve the mystery of the lost leg, some time ago, and he seemed glad to offer any assistance he could in helping us in the present affair.

As was Ken Benson's custom, he had not intruded when the murder first occurred, because he did not want the regular men on the force to feel he was meddling and perhaps hindering their work. It was only after they had practically failed that the chief came to consult the chief and offer our assistance.

"Yes, sir," continued Chief Reynolds, as he fingered a sheaf of papers, "it is the most complicated thing we have ever tried to handle—and I don't mean by that every new man who enters the case gets an entirely different clew, and if it keeps on as soon will be locking up half the force.

Of course, we had been following the newspaper reports and you are pretty familiar with the details. One week before, Frank Kane, a man who had come to the city three years before with a fortune, had been found dead from strangulation, the morning after he had given a social orgy in his elaborate home.

Kane had come from an obscure place in the far West, and he was generally understood he had obtained his money in mining ventures. His family consisted of his wife, who was a pretty woman much younger than himself, and a daughter by a former marriage.

During the time the Kanes had lived in the East Kane had built up a great following among the social set of the lower order, and the wild orgies he held in his apartments, the public places he frequented and his generosity had already been the basis of many a sensational story in the Sunday papers, and occasionally there had been scandals.

Several times his name had been mentioned in connection with those of women of the gay life, while it was of common knowledge that his wife was on decidedly intimate terms with a young clubman of the dissolute sort, named Drews.

In fact, his daughter, Frances, was the only member of the family who did not figured in these reports, and it was said she was engaged to marry an architect of limited means, by the name of John Ward.

All of this was general knowledge before Kane's sudden death, but it was brought out again at that time, and presented in a lurid manner with comments, theories and guesses by the yellow journalists.

In the official investigations the detectives confirmed all of these reports, and succeeded in uncovering much additional information of an "unfit" nature. The strange part of it all was that among the half-dozen men working on the case no two were following the same line. Each held a different conviction and each was sure his theory was correct. Consequently Chief Reynolds faced a situation wherein he was asked to arrest a number of persons, each of whom, singly, was accused by some particular detective to be circumstantially guilty of the crime.

"There has been a mass of evidence turned in," said Chief Reynolds, "that we could pick any one of several suspects, and by the aid of what proof we think we have, together with a little third degree, we could work up a logical case of circumstantial evidence which would come near convicting. But, after we had done that, we could keep on and do the same thing with each of the three or four parties concerned. In fact, I never, during my entire career, have seen such an abundance of clews or so many apparent reasons for killing a man.

"As is usual in cases of this kind, we first investigated to see who would most benefit by Kane's death. Financially, the answer was his daughter, who we found inherits the majority of the fortune. Kane had never gotten on well with his second wife, and she was shut off with as little as was consistent to avoid legal trouble.

"The fact that Kane was a large, strong man, however, absolutely eliminated his daughter as the criminal, for the simple reason that she has not the physical strength to strangle a man of his size, even had she been so inclined.

"You will remember, perhaps, that Kane was choked to death by two powerful hands held in a peculiar manner. The usual position of the criminal in such a case would be bent over the victim's face, the thumbs across the throat just below the chin, and the fingers at the back of the neck with the index finger nearest the skull.

"The marks on Kane showed the finger prints in an entirely unusual manner. The thumbs were low and pressed into the hollow of the throat, below the Adam's apple, while the fingers were reversed and showed the little finger near the base of the skull. It seemed certain that the criminal had bent over the victim from behind.

"The all-in view of the fact that the bed in which Kane slept was a high, solid headboard which rendered it impossible for any one to approach from that direction.

"When the body was found it was hanging with the head over the side of the bed, nearly touching the floor. Blood trickled from the face and the clothing in wild disorder. The supposition is that the murderer must have pulled the victim into this position in order to secure such a hold upon the throat, but how this could be accomplished without Kane awakening, or why the strangler did not simply kneel over the victim's chest and kill him, would hold a mystery we have been unable to solve.

"Pursuing our investigations to determine a reason, we found that Nellie Kane, the wife, having become wholly disgusted with her husband's attitude toward his love with Drews, had all but consented to his entreaties to elope. The fact that Drews was penniless was the only reason for her hesitancy. With her share of Kane's fortune, however, this obstacle to happiness would be removed, so we have logical reason for suspecting that the wife prompted Drews to commit the crime, or that she hired some one else to do it, or that Drews, knowing all this, had acted on his own initiative.

"Second, one of the men found that Kane had for several months been a private wife to the wife of his friends, who was a guest the night of the blowout. We found that on this night, after the boisterous orgy in the party had become well intoxicated, this man came upon his wife and Kane in a darkened corner, and that a fierce quarrel ensued, during which the woman's husband threatened to get his host, making Suspect Number Three.

"Then it was discovered that quite a large amount of money which Kane received that day and is thought to have had on his person, was missing after his death. It is said that Kane was troubled with asthma, and consequently slept with his windows open, making entrance by that means comparatively easy, while the janitor of the building, who has free access to the court upon which the windows follow, positively was discovered to have suddenly acquired an unusual amount of money; hence, Suspect Number Four.

"Now you can appreciate my dilemma with four suspects, any one of whom might have committed the crime, and each sufficient to warrant Kane's death. And now, on top of all of this, comes another factor in the case, that of the architect to whom Frances Kane is said to be engaged, we find was married previously, and by the aid of divorce is living in his home town up the State.

"Ward knew, as did practically every one in the Kane circle, of the strong belief that the latter was strongly opposed to second marriages, owing to his own unhappy matrimonial venture. Kane made no pretense of concealing his views on this subject, and it just came to our attention that Ward had been planning a trip to Ward's home town in connection with a business deal.

"Kane knew nothing of Ward's former life nor residence, but Ward heard him speak of the man he was going to see and this may have all been Ward's affair. Now, the question arises whether Ward, fearing his secret would be discovered, and that he would lose his fiancee and thereby a fortune, would not be tempted to put Kane out of the way.

"You will remember that the Kane apartments take in an entire floor of the flat building in which they are located, and that following the party, all of the close friends of the family, including Drews and Ward, slept there that night.

"Now," concluded the chief, "you have the whole story of the affair, and you have my permission to go as far as you like, but for Heaven's sake don't come to me with any new clews."

"And how about material evidence," asked Benson, as we prepared to leave. "Was there nothing about the body which might serve as a—a clew?"

The chief smiled at the last word, then turned to his desk. "There was something," he said, "which we at first thought important, but it has only served to confuse matters and it is hardly reliable."

He brought forth several photographs. "These," he continued, "are pictures we had taken of the finger prints on the throat, but as you can see, they are not very distinct, owing to the fact that the flesh was so bruised. Besides, it is very difficult to take reliable prints from the human skin, as the texture of the skin tends to confuse the lines in the fingers. You may take some of these along, however, if they will help you."

"Well," I remarked cheerfully to my friend, as we left the office, "you have the case and the fifty-seven varieties of clews. Now all you have to do is to get hold of the right one and hook the crime onto it. Personally, I have no choice in the matter; take any one you fancy."

Benson looked at me pityingly. "Thanks," he replied, "but I don't want to get ready-made clews. If these deductions were worth anything the central office men would have solved the mystery before now, and I'll bet a dollar to a dime that's what they're doing right at this moment as we are, and if they can't figure the thing out, there is no use in our attempting to improve on their work."

"Then you are going off on a new line of thought?" I queried.

"I am," answered Benson, "because the fact that the central office men have accepted one clew simply that they have they are on the wrong track. If they found the right clew they could unravel this tangle in short order."

"We're not going to him with any tangles," said Benson, as we reached our home. "We are going with facts!"

No more was said until we were inside our apartment, and Ken began dragging forth his camera and various paraphernalia.

"The chief's clews were all right," he said presently, but I doubt if any of the reasons given would have been strong enough to prompt murder."

"What do you know that I haven't been told for less," I chirped.

"The only valuable piece of evidence about the whole affair," continued my friend, utterly ignoring my clever remark, "is this collection of photographs.

"Then if the central office birds, as you say, are as smart as they're deducted, "what do they know that?"

They knew it," replied Ken, "but in the face of such apparent proofs as they found they passed up the vital issue. After they have exhausted their present theories they will return to the only tangible clew, these photographs of the finger prints, but by that time they will be too late."

By this time the camera, extended to its full reach, had been placed on the table, the enlarging lens attached, and for the next half-hour Ken Benson was so absorbed in focusing and making exposures that he refused to talk.

When he had finished he turned to me. "Now, while I am developing these plates," he said, "I want you to do something for me. I want you to find out where Kane kept his money."

This was an easy matter, because I simply telephoned Chief Reynolds, and after obtaining this information I sat down and tried to figure the thing out on my own account. I considered the various suspects one by one, each seemed so conclusively guilty, that had I been the judge I probably would have indicted the whole bunch as a band of conspirators. In fact, I was just getting ready to sentence the entire party when Benson came out of his darkroom.

"The First National and the Franklin County Savings," I told him.

"Thanks," he replied, as he began gathering up his camera. "Now, while I am developing these negatives so they will dry quickly, will you?"

Then he was gone, and as I performed the tedious task I had plenty of time to moralize on the disagreeable side of detecting; and I know nothing that would appeal to me less than the part I have become acquainted with in helping Benson.

As I dried the plates I examined them closely, and found they were merely the reproductions of the photographs we had received from Reynolds, only they were greatly enlarged.

A few minutes after I had fanned the moisture from the last one, Ken rushed in all excited, and again ducked into the darkroom.

"Where's your car?" I called, as he slammed the door, but he didn't even answer until he emerged a few minutes later.

By this time he had calmed down somewhat, but he had a look in his eyes which told me he had discovered the right thing. He had purchased a bottle of alcohol while out, and he dipped the finger print negatives in it, and from it so that the negatives would dry quickly, after which he made prints of the plates.

"Come here, Hal," he said to me, "and look at these two pictures."

"They appear to be about the same," I decided, "except one is more distinct than the other."

"Quite right," replied Ken, "they both are enlarged views of prints which were made by the same finger, but the one photographed from Kane's throat is not so clear as this other one I have secured. They prove conclusively, however, that both prints were made by the same finger, or thumb to be exact, and now we will call on Chief Reynolds.

"On the police headquarters Benson absolutely refused to tell me anything in answer to my many questions.

"That would be like throwing the plot of a story before you read it," he said, "and that would take away all the enjoyment. Wait until we get to head-

Like A Boy at 50 Bubbling Over With Vitality—Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders—Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 100 per cent. in two weeks time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a prescription for renewed vigor and vitality. I was astonished to find him with a physique like that of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. In response to my said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with energy at 30 he was not in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 after taking nuxated iron a few weeks he is a changed man, his face beaming with the buoyancy of youthful health. Many middle-aged men coming as the greatest of all strength builders if people would only take Nuxated Iron, when they first feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholics. Lowtaxes I am convinced that in the near future will be ward off disease, prevent it becoming chronic, save thousands of lives and thereby the lives of many children now doomed to die every year from preventable stripe, building, life-giving iron and other dangerous maladies. The real secret of which started their ill ness was nothing more nor less than nerve exhaustion brought on by lack of iron in the blood and nerves. Unless you take iron in some form you cannot get well, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a cellar. Without it

quarters and you will hear it all with the

chief," said Ken when we were ushered into Chief Reynolds' office, "I've got a report to make."

"So soon?" inquired the chief.

"My clew didn't take long to run to earth," replied Benson.

"I've gods, another one?" groaned Chief Reynolds. "Don't tell me you are going to introduce more complications."

"I'm afraid I am," remarked Benson, "but give me a little time, and I think I can show you something.

"First, I discounted all the clews you told me about, because I figured if they were any good you'd have got good results. So, I reasoned, there must be some other clew to the affair, and the photographs proved it. I confess my ideas was a wild one, but you will see how it worked out.

"To begin with, I eliminated Kane's wife, her affinity, Drews, the jealous husband and Ward, because there was nothing really tangible upon which to hold them. The only points which needed explanation where the janitor secured his sudden wealth and what became of the money Kane was supposed to have had.

"I discovered that the janitor had won a substantial amount in a gambling den, and was consequently afraid to say anything about the place to the police. I found that on the day of the party Kane deposited a hundred dollars in one of his banks, and this, I believe, was the money he was supposed to be carrying.

"Now I want you to look at these pictures, and particularly the ones showing the print at the left thumb."

"Why, these are merely enlargements from the pictures I gave you," said the chief, as he scrutinized the photographs.

"Yes," replied Benson, "but you see they are intensified so that all the marks are brought out more clearly. You will notice on all of them running the left thumb there is a peculiar V-shaped scar hardly noticeable in the smaller pictures."

"By George, you're right, said the chief, "and it is a mighty important clew. We have finger prints of all the suspects and——"

"No need to compare them," interrupted Benson. "Look at these." He produced print made from his last set of prints and laid them on the chief's desk.

"The same. There it is!" exclaimed Chief Reynolds. "The identical thumb and the identical scar. Do you know what that means, son?" It means that when we find that man we have found the criminal. Where did you get these record prints?"

"A minute," said Ken Benson, enjoying the chief's emotion, "and I'll tell you. You remember telling me Kane suffered from asthma. I discovered also that he was addicted to patent medicines and somnambulism.

"So I got his finger prints. I secured them from the Franklin County Savings Bank, which has a finger-print system of identification for all depositors. And when I compared the two sets of prints I knew the case was ended.

"There will be no more murders because there was no murder. The secret of prints are taken from the identification card of Kane himself."

"When Kane went to bed that night he was intoxicated. His mind also was deranged by the excitement of the party and the evening. After he had gone to sleep he had an attack of asthma together with a bad nightmare. His breathing became short and difficult from his disease. He put his hands to his throat and in his dream, probably, thought he was struggling with some one, he pulled his hands until he strangled himself to death."

Useless.

The Ladies Home Perfection" says that children should never be punished," says Mr. Bingham to her husband. "I feel we had better not have any. I have often been to our offspring."

"You should correct," said Bingham. "What do the people who write these things know about children? They haven't any of their own, probably. And if they do happen to have any they are awful children. I feel assured that the children of the woman who wrote the article quoted by you raise the very old Ned all the time. Such authora ought to be allowed no children."

"Don't you worry. All kids have to be punished. The problem is to know when to punish and when not to. There is no parent living who knows whether to kill or kiss his children half the time. Of course, there are times when we spank one in a while, so as to make it doubtful whether they are going to catch it or not. The kid is never sure of it every time, because if they know that they are to be spanked they won't be worried half so much and won't speculate on whether they are to suffer castigation.

"I well remember how my father used to let me off. I was only once when I was 3 years old. You see, it occurred to me that it would be good exercise to run down to the street and refuse to go farther unless carried. All children of from 2 to 4 years are amazingly fat, and I was the one who weigh about fifty pounds are the ches who like it best.

"I weighed about fifty pounds and to be carried, hence the laydown. The scheme worked with my mother; at least my I was on the pavement before I got a spanking. As I watched her out of the corner of my eye I heard her say: 'Well, I suppose I have to the worst foolishness as that! I'd let him lie there and rot before I'd pick him up! Just come on and get him yourself.'

"The idea of letting a precious little curly-headed darling like me lie there and let the pair of them go almost out of sight before I arose with renewed strength and ran to overtake them. I forgot it. But I never tried it again.

"So, there is no way of telling what to do with kids, and no lady adviser, even if she has a million kids, can lay down a law that applies to them all, all the time. Not only are all kids different but time. Not only are all kids different but the same kid last the same all the time."

Blighted Hope.

He was a bachelor, as bald as a billiard ball, and 50 years of age, and she was a widow, 40 and fair. He had been a widow, 40 and fair. He had been a lifelong friend of her husband, Robin McCarthy, and tonight he went to see her with his heart in his hand. She knew it, and her good soul went out in a flood of sympathy for him, as, seating herself at the piano, she turned to him the first sad song, Robin Adair," with its closing pathos, "Ro-o-ob-in Ad-air."

Gently he rose from his seat and as he reached for his hat he said:

"Madam, is there any necessity that I should be reminded of that fact? I know it. Robin did have hair—well do I remember his curly locks. Pray, why taunt me with it?"

And so two lives were blighted.

A FRIENDLY HELPER.

"It's time to be thinking about spring hats," sighed Mrs. Turner.

"Goodness! You talk as tho it were a hardship!" remonstrated Mrs. Bell. "I'm just aching to get started at mine! You know, my sister's been studying milinery, and——"

"Oh, don't if you value your peace of mind, to say nothing of your reputation in the neighborhood!" interrupted Mrs. Turner. "I have been thru it, and that's the principal reason I hate the very name of hats! I wish we might have lived when our grandmothers did, and put away our nice, becoming hats, to wear year after year.

"Well, I wouldn't be seen in the hats my grandmother wore!" declared Mrs. Bell.

"You will long for them after you've finished this year, if you let your sister help trim your hat," prophesied Mrs. Turner. "I'll tell you about my experience.

"I have a friend who was very artistic. She plus a ribbon on a street dress, and you'd be amazed at what a lovely evening dress it is turned into! And she makes the stunningest street hat by just picking up her Dad's straw hat and draping her veil over it! It is all so easy and simple-looking.

"So when dear Dad said she'd help me trim my spring hat I was duly grateful. I was just aching for a nice-looking hat, a little change in dress, and she said we'd make one. So I went into a store and bought a couple of bunches of daisies and a no-shape straw frame.

"My friend smiled a 'too bad' smile when she saw my purchase, and said the shape was impossible, but added that she'd go with me to select a frame. Accordingly, we took back my choice and bought one like unto that was very similar to the other, but had more artistic lines, as my friend explained. It hurt me to pay very much for just for the foundation, when I'd expected that sum to cover the whole expense. However, I remembered that this hat was going to be truly satisfying, so I paid the five dollars.

"She set the frame on my head and pinned the daisies on. Then she stood off to admire. Was she glad, you're not going to get lots more."

"So I went and ordered two more bunches. My friend was quite amused when I brought the back. She had expressed an admiration for half a dozen bunches! Of course, since she was doing it and it was purely a favor, I couldn't remonstrate about the price, which was rapidly soaring—so I got more daisies. Finally we got enough and began the construction.

"She told me what to do, while I sewed. I never got a bunch properly basted on until I'd cut it off about a dozen times, and I was as tired as tho I'd made a whole dress! By the time she was satisfied it was dark, and I pinned on the hat, without enough sense to look in the mirror to see the effect, and went home.

"My family howled at me. I was called every kind of nuisance to a hat maker, and my husband made me wear my old hat to the theater that night, with the option of staying home if I didn't.

"Still, I felt that my friend knew, and, in spite of my family's derision, I trusted her good taste. She had said the hat was becoming and stylish, and I decided that I needed a change, so I stuck right up to it. So I wore it downtown next day. People sat for the whole trip in the car with eyes fastened to my hat, and girls tittered as they stood and looked after me on the street, and yet I wore it—for one whole week.

"Then I met my friend who had helped me make the hat. She stood still, looked at me, and exploded. Then she sat down and laughed in my face.

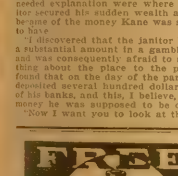
"'Oh,' she said, 'you're so funny!' She said she hadn't noticed before how I looked in it—she was just trying then to get a little interest in it artistically. So now she offered to fix it over.

"But I was firm in my refusal, and I took it back to the store where I'd bought the material. They charged quite a sum for taking the trimming off and putting some new trimming on it, for I detested the very sight of daisies! The hat looked rather used up from handling, but it had been so expensive——

"Then I discovered that the reason my friend was so artistic is that she herself is a milliner, and could wear hats and not look queer. The things she wears wouldn't suit any other woman, and she looks stylish in spite of them, not because of them.

"By the way, I've got about a thousand daisies you may have if you're bound to experiment."

Very few people have eyes from too much looking on the bright side of things.



My Offer of Some Time Ago in Boyce's Weeklies Brings So Much Joy

In an issue of some time ago of Boyce's Weeklies I made the following offer, that I would give Catarrh Treatments entirely free of charge to be distributed among the readers of Boyce's Weeklies. The offer has been received with so much satisfaction, so many grateful letters have come to me from it, that my heart is filled with joy.

The offer stated that I believed I could be one of the best that was ever formulated for Catarrh and allied ailments. The method has cured hundreds of sufferers after everything else has failed. Now, Reader, this is your chance and NOW is the time for you to do as I ask for this treatment and see it for yourself.

Catarrh is a horrible disease. It is loathsome to you, breath into me the continual dropping of mucus into the throat, the constant irritation in the nostrils, the constant desire to clear the throat, all these vanished. Your head clears, your breathing becomes easier, your hearing improves, your sense of smell returns, you feel like a new person, filled with fire from all cure and

Wouldn't you like to be in that happy condition?

A PRESENT FOR YOU

I want to send you either of a free gift, gladly and without charge, as a present from me. I'm not trying to make you buy anything from me whatsoever.

I want to send you the absolutely effective treatment that has cured over here such another case. Just write me a letter, and send it all to me. I'll send you the treatment, and a letter telling you how to use it.

Address CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, Trade Building, - Boston, Mass.

Pony-Bicycle Free

Selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, The Farming Business and Lone Scout.

We send the papers all in one bundle so that you only need to make one trip each week. You report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money, earn valuable premiums and get free votes in a wonderful Pony-Bicycle contest simply for selling our agent and selling our papers. We show you a way to make money by building up a regular route of customers that you depend on each week. You make a profit on every paper you sell.

START TODAY

You can [illegible] any money with you. Just send us the blanks below and we will send you the papers to start. We tell you how to [illegible]

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

Your papers. Send me as many [illegible] as I can sell. Give me 100 free votes in bicycle contest and show me how I can make profits every week selling your papers and how I can get the valuable premiums. 13

Name .....

R. F. D. No. .....

Town .....

State .....

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE Trial!

Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So you must send for it quick! Just think of it—the new

TAKES AND MAKES Finished Pictures Instantly

You press [illegible] button, drop card in developer and in one minute take out a perfect finished post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Actually finished! No delay! No [illegible] bother! Simply glorious! Just send us a postal today!

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous—simply wonderful! Snap focus lens produce sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures developed and print automatically. Can't overdevelop; results simply amazing.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete "Mandel-ette" outfit absolutely on approval and prepaid 10 days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes you'll quickly agree with us it's equal to anything at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us $1 per month until our special price of only $10 is paid.

Easy Payments—No References

No red tape of any kind. Merely pay on [illegible] as usual you'll not notice them. Lots of fun for the whole family.

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon right now. No risk or obligation to buy camera.

The Chicago Ferrotype Co., Dept. 507 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once one complete model Mandel-ette Camera outfit including supplies [illegible] as per your special offer to readers of this paper. I will pay [illegible] and if satisfactory I will keep it and pay you $1 per month until your special price of $10 is paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

Town .....

"I CURED MYSELF OF TUBERCULOSIS"

Every sufferer from Weak Lungs—everyone afflicted with chronic cough—should read this remarkable story of a man who was afflicted with Tuberculosis, who experimented on himself, seeking a road to health. With his simple treatment any cough-racked, tortured person may find quick relief in a home treatment. Many genuine cures have been effected it under plain directions. Just send name and address on post card to ADDILINE, 1176 Capital Trust Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

FREE YOURSELF

DON'T BE A NICOTINE SLAVE

Is Tobacco Your Master? TOBACCO ABSTAINER the greatest Discovery of Science. Relieves craving for tobacco in 10 to 24 hours. No [illegible] after first treatment. We give it to you on a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. TOBACCO ABSTAINER removes all desire and craving. Cigar or Cigarette Smoking, Tobacco Chewing or Snuff Dipping, STOP instantly when using Free Rx. Write TODAY for proof and quick relief. Don't delay. This discovery will free you from the shackles of the Tobacco Habit. HERWIN PHARMACAL CO. Dept. 423 St. Louis, Mo.

324 SQUARE INCHES MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs instantly clothing, goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, [illegible] leather, [illegible] fishing nets, [illegible] awnings, [illegible] tents, [illegible] covers, [illegible] etc. Address, DAWN PUBLISHING CO., Shirleyville, Pa.

TYPEWRITER PRICES SMASHED

$10 per Month

DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO. Dept. H | Chicago

DRUNKENNESS Cured at Home

Tasteless treatment, [illegible] the [illegible] guaranteed. Free booklet. Write

WAGNER 1243 Lumber Ave., New York, Dept. 433

BE A DETECTIVE

Write WAGNER 1243 Lumber Ave., New York, Dept. 433

ALL THESE FREE

Until [illegible] Locket set with [illegible] stone, [illegible] Ring, [illegible] Bracelet, [illegible] Necklace. Send no money. Be first in your town. If you [illegible] Locket, Ring, Bracelet or Necklace [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Their Secret.

"This profit-sharing scheme is a mighty good idea," observed the customer in the pink necktie. "I know a fellow who got $50 from his employer that way in addition to his regular pay."

"Yes, it is a good idea, all right," agreed the man who wore the ulster. "But like all other ideas it doesn't work out well until the employes learn how to handle it.

"Now, there was my boss. He decided that owing to the high cost of living and everything he would hand out $150 extra to his boys. His plan was to give them $75 now and $75 next summer. That sounded mighty good at first, but after the fellows got to thinking it over $75 didn't seem to be so much after all. When they figured it out with their wives they found that there was $750 worth of things they wanted to do with that $75. Besides, they wondered why the boss couldn't have given the $150 all at once, instead of waiting six months for the next installment."

"They shouldn't have told their wives anything about it," said the customer in the pink necktie.

"Guess you don't know much about wives," observed the cynical auditor.

"Yes," said the pink necktie person, "the boys in my office got a bonus like that and tried to keep the news from their better halves. They had an awful time. You see, Yet only one man told his wife that would be enough to spread the news among all the wives. The boys had to get every man to swear he wouldn't mention it to his wife.

"Then they were afraid the wives would read about it in the newspapers. The men arranged to devise ways and means of keeping the papers away from their wives. 'Get up early, grab the morning paper and take it away with you,' was one plan. 'Send your wife to the picture show and meet the paper when it comes in the evening,' was another plan. 'Stop the paper for a few days,' was a third.

"One nervous man persisted in the inquiry, 'But suppose she does find out?' He made all the fellows so uncomfortable that he had to be bribed with cigars to keep silent. A man who kept saying, 'It's all right for you fellows, but you don't know Mary!' had to be threatened, and a young chap just married, a sentimental fool, had to be jollied and cajoled into the right frame of mind. It was all very startling. And all fellows who talk in their sleep had to take dope that would keep them awake. In the end it was decided that they would have to tell, anyway, fork over the $50 and take chances on being able to explain why there wasn't more."

"They might have known better in the first place," declared the proprietor.

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: BIG HIT: OUR 5 PIECE ALUMINUM Set is all the rage. Cheaper than tinware. Guaranteed for life. Unbreakable. You don't have to sell to [illegible]. Write for [illegible] the age. Outfit [illegible] cleaning up $18.00 to $36.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Dept. V-81, American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTIFUL full dress suit, made to your own measure, free, and make $35 to $50 extra every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful sample outfit and special offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 258, Chicago.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HIGH COST of living! If you need more money, write us today. We have thousands of hustling, experienced men and women into business for themselves with our guaranteed household necessity lines, and can help you. No capital required. Outfit free. Write immediately. Consolidated Mfg. Co., 319 Ewing, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OXYGENOL, the new disinfectant for the home, toilet, bath and theatres. Big new company, new product, agent opportunities unlimited. Send 25c for tablet and prove its merits. Oxygenol Laboratory Co., 116 W. Fort Street, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! An Outfit that can be carried in your pocket, home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and Shoes sells quickly. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. D-5, 425 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending rips in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 107 C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

RELIABLE MEN TO HANDLE MY 1917 "Business Guide." Sells everywhere. Hundreds clear $1 per day. Write for commission Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box B, Naperville, Ill.

GET DAVIS' LATEST PROPOSITION. $15.00 daily a cinch. No matter how often you have entered my advertisements during 27 years, get my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, 1440 Monadnock Block, Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRESENTATIVES to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dressers, suits, skirts, waists, dry goods, notions. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—MAKE $10 TO $15 A DAY SELLING our tested tubeless tire for automobiles. Profit $1.35 on $1.50 order. Get this quick. Auto Accessories Co., 213 Advertisers' Bldg., Dayton, O.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailor-made suit free if you could sell to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 240, Chicago, and we will show you handsome styles and a wonderful offer.

233% PROFIT—$2.00 ON EACH SET sold. New patented Jubilee Spark Intensifier. Banishes spark plug trouble forever. Sells on sight. Exclusive territory. Hurry! Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. 1-10-C, Omaha, Neb.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Electric tests; cut glass; stands rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight; repeat orders. Write quick for exclusive agency offer from Mexican Diamond Importing Co., Dept. 1-A, Trueax-New Building, N. Y.

GLOWING BEAD NECKLACES SELLING like hot cakes. Agents coining money. Send for catalog and wholesale prices. Mission Bead Co., 2819B, W. Pico, Los Angeles, Calif.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that will stand 'em. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 1-A, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS—SELL RELIABLE CUSTOM MADE Raincoats; big profits; exclusive territory; complete sample line free. Temple Raincoat Company, Templeton, Mass.

HELP WANTED

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. STOP WAGE slavery. Permanent profitable income. Agents for manufacturing $ big sellers and 100 business opportunities. Send no money. Just your name and address. Particulars free. Golding Export Manufacturing Co., Dept. 1038, Boston, Mass.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—better opportunities to buy, sell or exchange goods or secure help or work.

MAN OR WOMAN TO TRAVEL FOR OLD established firm. No canvassing; $1,170 first year; payable weekly; expenses advanced. Contract; expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, Dept. 88, Pa.

WANTED—MEN-WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH. List government jobs open now. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 28, Rochester, N. Y.

$25 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Ursus Company, Dept. A2, Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

NO STRIKE: 8 HOUR DAY. MEN EVERYwhere. Firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, $2150. Colored porters. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—MEN-WOMEN 18 or over, U. S. Government Jobs. War means many more. $65 month. Write immediately for list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 39, Rochester, N. Y.

WORK FOR UNCLE SAM. HE IS THE best employer; big pay, easy work, easy hours, vacations, rapid advance. Thousands of jobs open to men 18 up. I will help you get one. Write for my big free book, DY-1024, Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG SALARIES LOCAL- ity; experienced; also inexperienced interested people write Wagoner Detective Agency, Write Inter-State, Box 268, Battle Creek, Michigan.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL POST OF- fice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared. Former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write American Detective Agency, 469 Syndicate, St. Louis.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERV- ice examination without seeing our catalogue. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

CHAUFFEURS GET $25 WEEK. LEARN while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Auto School, Dept. 8-308, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel; salary $25 weekly and expenses; $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Co., Dept. 1, Akron, Ohio.

WOMEN—START DRESSMAKING BUSI- ness homes. $25 week earned. Send stamp. Franklin Institute, Dept. [illegible], Rochester, N. Y.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GET LAND! $250 WILL BRING YOU A profitable business—10 acres in Michigan's fruit and truck land and General farming, vegetables, poultry, fruit. Near towns, markets, schools. $2 down, $1 monthly. Ask about insurance feature. We help you start and finance you. Booklet free. Write today. George W. Swigart, 31243 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN DO BETTER ON A SOUTHERN farm. Send for a year's subscription free to our beautiful farm paper, The Southern Homeseeker, which tells all about good low priced land and Special rates. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OF- ficial 112 page book "Vacant Government Lands" lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S. Tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1917 diagrams and tables. New law. Only 25c postpaid. Send for postpaid. Webb Publishing Co. (Dept. 1038), St. Paul, Minn.

FARMS WANTED

I HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR SALABLE farms. Will deal with owners only. Give full description, lowest cash price. James F. White, New Franklin, Mo.

MISSOURI LAND

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land; near town, healthy location, price $200.00. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

MANUSCRIPTS

MANUSCRIPTS CORRECTED AND TYPED. Send your work for free examination. C. Truesell, Valparaiso, Ind.

TOBACCO HABIT

FREE—HARMLESS RECIPE DESTROYS all craving for tobacco. Superba Co., FA, Baltimore, Md.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description or model of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 197 inventions ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 240 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to obtain Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and what inventors can make, explaining plainly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. B. Hill, 933 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MONEY IN PATENTS. PATENTS SE- cured or fee returned. Booklets free. Send sketch for free search. F. H. Pattison & Co., Patent Lawyers and Expert Barristers, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. ADVICE AND Books Free. Highest references. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED ON CASH and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write us. Chicago Model Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine. "Investing for Profit." Send 10c for a copy or any one who has not acquired sufficient money to retire from business. Tells how to save and loved once. It shows how to become rich. Tells how many have started on the road to fortune. We will send it three months free if you will write for it, mentioning this magazine today. Hoffman Trust Company, 1012 Hoffman Building, Baltimore, Md.

INVESTORS WARNING—DON'T INVEST a cent until you read Successful Finance and learn how to protect and double your profits by investors; free trial subscription. Successful Finance, 518 Ellicott Square, Buffalo.

OLD COINS WANTED.

WILL PAY $10.00 TO $750.00 FOR CERTAIN 1$ dime gold without motto. We want and pay big premiums for all kinds of coins, including halves, quarters, dimes, nickles, cents, paper money and stamps. Send 4c now. Get our large coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 13, Fort Worth, Texas.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG POEMS WANTED. THE BEST OFFER submit your work first to Needham Music Co., D-44, St. Louis, Mo.

AUTO TIRES AND TUBES

30x3½ NONSKID GUARANTEED TIRE, $15.00. Inner tubes guaranteed one year, $3.00; 30x3 or 30x3½ Universal tube, $2.25. Terms—Cash 2%, or net C. O. D. Paris Auto Tire Company, 1423 Michigan Av., Chicago.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES — HOW AND where to find them; particulars for stamp. Model Co., Box 1, Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

LADIES: ECONOMIZE. BUY DIRECT! Aprons direct from factory at wholesale. Write for illustrated catalogue. Postal will do. Falcon Mfg. Co., 4131 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS, SONGS, POEMS MARKETED on commission. Quick results. Inventors Agency, 2009 Lake St., Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. START WITH small capital. No experience needed. Guaranteed machine. Complete outfits. Write for particulars. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

$33.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

NAMES

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR NAMES AND AD- dresses. Send dime for contract. Directory, Grand Rapids, Mich.

PERSONAL

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN COR- respondence with one thousand charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, 19 Ellis Park, Chicago.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; remember we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Dr. Kee, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyer, Medical Co., 1 Nicollet Ave., Minn.

WOMEN—FREE CATALOGUE, SEND 2 stamps. Exclusive toilet and sanitary articles, personal and family use; our specialty rubber gloves. Dr. Kinney & Co., 16 East Randolph St., Chicago.

MARRY RICH. BE HAPPY AND PROSPER- ous. Many wealthy members and photos of congenial people with means free. Standard Co., Dept. 1-A, Standard Building, Bed 507, Grayslake, Ill.

NOTICE—ACCOUNT WAR CONDITIONS in the country of Dr. Lake's prescription for rheumatism will be very limited after May 15th. The Little Company, 1107 Penn Ave. Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER COMPLETE WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. Best Service, Box 1, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY THOUSANDS WEALTHY ANXIOUS to marry at once. All ages, nationalities, religions. Descriptions free. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY IF LONELY; HUNDREDS RICH and lovely want; reliable; big directory; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 554, Kansas City, Mo.

MEN, COIN MONEY. SEL PICTURES MEN like. Set of 12 and terms, 25c. 3 sets $1.00. Mac, 1107 Penn Ave., Dept. 3, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT- ing Introductions; booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

RELIABLE CLUB ESTABLISHED 11 YEARS. Large list wealthy members, descriptions free. Standard Club, Box 725 Madison, Oakland, Cal.

A CLERGYMAN'S ARTICLE — POSTPAID 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. Ideal Supply Co., 1107 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh.

DARE YOU ANSWER THIS — LONELY farmer, worth $50,000, will marry. "H," Box 1, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WIDOW, 37, OWNS $95,000. VERY LONE- some, anxious to marry. Mrs. M., Mission Valley, San Diego, Cal.

MARRY RICH—LARGE, HANDSOME MAT- rimonial paper with photos, mailed free. Mrs. Wayne, Box 418, Sacramento, Cal.

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Receive letters from everywhere. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" is my book. Mailed for 10c. Harry Lee, Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, AD- dresses, photos, descriptions. 4 months, 25c. Box 2355 B, Boston, Mass.

MARRY RICH. BIG MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. H. Cady, Grand Rapids, Mich.

REAL PHOTOS, ARTISTS' MODELS, BATH- ing girls, etc. Send dime for sample and catalog. B. W. Sloane & Co., Boston, Mass.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUB- lication for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 25, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. John St., Paul, Minn.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE. NEW HY- gienic Bath Powder. Royal Bath Balm Co., Dept. A., Little Falls, N. Y.

The Boy Woodsman
Or, The Mill Guard

By Milford Merrill

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 15, April 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

THE fat boy laid his string of fish against the ground, sat down on a pine stump, his feet dangling free. He hitched to an easy position, then began in a low, mysterious tone:

"I saw 'em, Amos, a full dozen Injins, every mother's son painted fit to kill, a lot of feathers stuck in their topknots, hatchets and knives tucked under their belts, and red fire in their eyes. They was a husky lot as ever I seen, and—and I most had a fit I was that scared."

"Foolish to be scared of a few Indians," grinned Amos, who, down deep, wasn't feeling half so jolly unconcerned as he pretended.

"Maybe I was, Amos, maybe I was," purred Alta, "but I bet you'd been prickly all up and down if you'd seen what I did.

"Well, what did you see?"

"What I've been telling ye, and a lot more."

"What more, Alta Paydon?"

"Every one of 'em was whettin' his knife on a making motion like they do when they're getting ready to start on the warpath. Ough! it was awful!"

The speaker drew his knees up against his chin, shut his eyes and spat thru his fingers.

"You're a queer jigger, Alta," said Amos. "I don't believe half you are telling me."

And this was true, since our boy hero had seen Alta Paydon on many occasions trumpeting up his dramatic stunts to the pine stumps and rolls of sawlogs on the milldam, imagining them enemies whom he had set out to defy and master at the point of the sword—a wooden one at that.

"I reckon you don't want to hear any more then, Amos," returned the fat boy, with an extra wrinkle to his forehead. "Because if ye don't I'm going down to see old Joe; he'll listen; he's the only fellow in this whole country that don't make fun of Alta Paydon."

There was a self-pity in the voice of the speaker that touched the genial nature of Amos Rand, who said:

"Oh, go ahead, Alta, I'll listen if you'll only hurry; get it off your mind before mother gets up. I don't want her to hear a whisper of it, for sometime you are telling. She's bad enough scared already."

Amos did not acquaint his companion with his mother's night adventure, not wishing to share his secrets with this irresponsible, hardly full-witted son of a shingle weaver.

"It's about the boom and sawlogs, Amos."

"Ah, what about them?" laughed Amos. "Somebody want to buy the lot; or has a claimant appeared since they came off a tax title that was his?"

"I don't know anything about tax titles," scarcely returned Paydon, crossing one fat leg over the other. "But I do know they talk of cutting the boom."

"Cutting your boom!" repeated Amos, in sudden amazement. "I'd like to see anybody up to that sort of mischief. Why, that would ruin Tracy."

"I thought it might; that's why I'm here to tell you. T'wan't the fish, Amos, so much as the cutting of the boom. Old Man Tracy, down at The Dam, wants his logs which, he says, you got penned up in your boom. That's why it's to be cut."

Was the queer boy talking arrant nonsense? It must be, thought Amos. Nobody would be mean enough to cut the river boom which would release ten thousand dollars' worth of pine logs and send them loosely down the river to be lost in the big lake.

"Mr. Tracy wouldn't be guilty," he began, when Paydon interrupted with a grunt and wave of his hand.

"I tell you it's true, and you're going to lose all the logs. I am awful sorry, Amos. You will talk with Joe and the others. If your pa was only to home he might do something."

The millboy was thrilled at the sudden earnestness of Paydon.

"By George, Alta, this sounds funny."

"It won't be so funny tonight when the boom is cut and the river fills with them logs of your dad's. Tracy's taken old Kootawbe into his council house and told the old redskin what to do. The boom's to be cut tonight, remember that, Amos. Now I'm going home."

The speaker slipped from the pine stump to the ground, slung his fish over his shoulder and started to go, when quickly followed, halting the fat lad at the side of the road. He saw his mother's face at the kitchen window, and was anxious to keep this new, startling knowledge from her.

"Explain a little, Alta," he said in a husky whisper. "Don't talk too loud, or mother will hear you. But I must know all, so I can decide what to do."

"Good for you, Amos! You'll believe me now, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll believe you, Alta."

At this the fat boy laid his fish on the ground, drew Amos beneath the shade of a hemlock, and confided to him all he had discovered, which proved to be of a most startling nature.

He had overheard the reds discussing doing some great damage to the property of Major Rand. One of the chief spokesmen was a notorious white man, known on the river as Big Jake. He was a man who seemed never to have a steady job, but moved about from one settlement to another, meddling with the business of other people, indulging in quarrels, seeming never at rest, but when engaging in a barroom brawl.

Amos knew the man by sight, knew him to be a worthless, whose life's disposition had as yet received no check. And this man was plotting with the Indians to cut the boom. Paydon had certainly lied, and our hero had no reason now to doubt the boy's word.

"They're not through with Big Jake leading 'em," concluded Alta, his big gray eyes popping with the excitement it aroused.

"Well, what in the nation is it all for?" questioned Amos. "Father never did dirt to Big Jake, and redskins don't."

"You know as much about it as I do, Amos," declared the fat boy, ready now to take his turn at rebuking.

"Say, Amos," and the fat boy, who had started to move away, turned about once more, "you'll not tell on me, can ye? Can D'ye think you'll need me tonight?"

"If you're a mind to come over, Alta, it'll please me and mother."

"All right; then look for me about dark."

With that the fat boy of the woods ambled off, swinging his catch of fish at his side.

Amos returned to the house, where his mother had breakfast ready for consumption.

"I saw you talking with that Paydon boy, Amos. What did he want?"

"He gave me these fish, mommer."

"I don't like him all this time to give you them!"

"Not quite," laughed Amos. "Alta Paydon is a queer fellow, but quite silly to look at as the saying goes, yet a true friend all the same, and he may come over again tonight to keep me company. I'm not going to give those redskins another chance to frighten my mother, if I know it."

Mrs. Rand poured the coffee, while her son fell to, eating with a relish. His mother knew how to cook, and the big pile of pancakes piled high with butter and brown sugar between the layers, fitted the boy's splendid appetite precisely. Every one of our hero's outdoor boy, the very antithesis of his slender New England mother—more after the pattern of his father, who had gone for himself at the age of 18, had roughed it among log drivers on the Penobscot, borne his part in the cutting of timber, and in every way inured himself to hardship till he was anchored one of the strongest men physically on the Muskegon River.

Breakfast over, Amos repaired to the mill, where he found a sawyer and him at the open door. Tevier was an affable little Frenchman, who spoke English as plainly as a native of the British Isles. Amos told the sawyer all about the adventure of the night.

"The red devils!" commented the Canadian, more forcibly than politely. "It would have served them right to hunt 'em down and send them both to prison for a year at the least."

"It would be hard to locate the guilty ones," declared Amos, who knew his mother could never pick them out from a crowd of their kind.

"Aye, that's the trouble," echoed the head sawyer, "and expect they meant no harm, but were after liquor. These redskins are hogs where firewater is concerned. I've heard a good deal about Indian honesty and morality, but show me one Indian who won't get drunk at every opportunity, or steal, and I'll show you a dozen who'll do it every time."

When Amos recounted what Alta Paydon and told him of Big Jake and the Indian talk of cutting the boom, the little head sawyer jumped two feet in the air, cracking his heels together a couple of times in his delight at learning.

"Let 'em try it once, let 'em try it, I say!" cried Tevier. "Now, Amos, get ready to watch the boom. I'll be on the lookout, and if the worst comes, I'll see that the whistle's tooted as a signal, which'll fetch every man of us out to the dock armed with pike-poles and cant-dogs."

The little Canadian was very much wrought up.

"It may be Tracy's doings," he suggested. "Big Jake is one of his petted hands, and old Tracy likes his toddy as well as the next one."

Amos went his way, confident he should ever want to see if the worst happened. He said nothing to his mother about the contemplated raid on the boom, which came sooner than the logtrapper suspected.

It seemed that Big Jake landed in the scuppers with poor whisky, served him by the millowner at The Dam, visited the Indians who had camped on the lower end of Grace Island, fetching with him a full gallon jug of the same hot stuff with which he had filled his own skin. After a few rounds from the jug the Ottawas were ripe for any mischief the big white might suggest.

Big Jake painted his own face, stuck a few turkey feathers in his hat, giving out a fairly good imitation of an Indian brave, at the same time brandishing an ax which he had brought with him from The Dam. Haranguing the excitable redmen, he informed them that it was his intention to go down and cut "old Rand's river boom."

The Indians signified their willingness to see the deed done by loud whoops, brandishing of knives and hatchets.

Meantime Amos had gotten out of bed, his, looking for danger only in night. His first intimation of danger was when he stood gazing from the hilltop down at the placid waters of the river, a big Mackinaw boat, filled with men, rounded the nearest bend, paddling down toward the cribwork in front of the mill. An occasional whoop developed. When the boat ran its nose into the bank and Big Jake sprang out brandishing an ax, our boy hero became alarmed and started down toward the boom at a swift run.

CHAPTER X.

BIG JAKE imagined his show of force would terrorize the simple folk of Cedar Pond, and the ridiculously design of cutting the Rand boom would meet with no opposition. Some might hesitate him for an instant, since he was clad in fantastic garb, with paint on his face and feathers in his dirty slouch hat. His fierce eyes, however, soon over, if nothing else, served to set him at ease.

"Hooplay! Get out the way! I've ve come to raise the boom!"

Dancing along over the ice-covered dock, swinging his ax, Big Jake, with the brawling men at his heels, made for the double-pen boom that was attached to the shore at one end, a solid-built pier at the other.

The burly white man was a trifle unsteady on his feet, which regarded his progress as such matters go. But the Amos Rand time to reach the millyard before the white bully had raised his ax to cut the boom.

The red allies halted a little way from the boom, watching with grins the movements of Big Jake.

"Hold on there!" yelled the speeding boy, as he bounded across the millyard, and as he ran, a long pike-pole that leaned against a pile of seasoned lumber. "Get off that boom! Get off, I say!"

The sudden appearance of the son of the millowner caused the Indians to retreat toward their boat. In every Indian heart was a wholesome fear of the man who had proved his prowess by mastering two white men and one Indian in a timber fight the year before, from which encounter Isaac [illegible] the name of being the strongest man on the river, as well as the [illegible]

"Get off that boom!" [illegible] he halted at the [illegible] of his pole threatening.

"You go to ther hot place!" snarled Big Jake. "Tell 'em I have sent a hog!"

And then the ax was lifted high, the brain of its wielder intent on driving the keen blade hole deep in the boom. The glittering steel met the soft pine with a glancing blow as the ax-wielder was backward into the river, sent there by the pressure of the pike-pole against the loose folds of his heavy woolen shirt. Big Jake muttered a wild yell, losing hold of his ax, which [illegible] sank in several feet of [illegible] water. Springing to a pile of [illegible] his hero swung about on his heel facing the group of Indians who were [illegible] the scene.

"Now, then," shouted the [illegible] "you [illegible] Big Jake come on, I am ready [illegible]"

A hasty confab [illegible] the Ottawas, which [illegible] Big Jake, who [illegible] crept down to the [illegible] caught the struggling, half-strangled white man, and [illegible] drew him, sputtering and swearing. Big Jake shook the water from his drenched person. Having lost his ax, he was unarmed. He glared darkly at the boy who stood near the end of the boom, [illegible] his pike-pole in readiness.

"You come on, I am ready [illegible]"

It looks could have slain, Amos [illegible] wouldn't have lived an instant [illegible] Big Jake's [illegible] expression. The intense hate of a small [illegible] thru the brain of the white [illegible] The Indians hung [illegible]

His attack on the boom had been premeditated, in fact, carefully thought out and [illegible] but the [illegible] plense him to see "old Rand" [illegible] floating downstream." [illegible] for Jake, [illegible] that he was having one now [illegible] suit his tastes.

"I'll attend to you," finally [illegible] Jake, shaking the drops of [illegible] his matted red hair.

He turned toward the [illegible] seeming intent on [illegible] into the river. The cold [illegible] of the millpond [illegible] him to recoil, yelling in baffled [illegible]

He whirled about, face [illegible] ages, demanding why [illegible] why they didn't help him [illegible] into the river? But the [illegible] toward the [illegible] forty rods [illegible] from the rear windows of which peered the face of a dark little man whom our hero knew well and whose wrath they were not anxious to invoke.

"Come on, you yellow curs!" howled

PAINT At ½ Cost

Our knowledge of the market and big buying power enable us to save you one-half on your paint bills. Let us prove it. Send postcard for cost-free materials and consequent rise in price.

UNLIMITED GUARANTEE

Don't pay for paint you don't get. We have no salesmen, no agents, no solicitors, no commissions to pay. All are part of your savings, for we are the only factory in America selling paint direct to the consumer. Our paint is an unlimited guarantee. We know that we are giving you a paint of highest quality. It has stood the test for twelve years.

LIBERAL TRIAL OFFER

Write for free booklet, Paints and free book. Best complete paint book ever offered. Shows over 500 actual paint colors. Tells how you can test and save labor, time, money. Write today. Don't pay a penny in advance. (1)

CROSBY FRANK & CO.
4338 Fourth St., Chicago, Ill.

Pay Freight

MUSIC LESSONS FREE

You can, easily, learn to play the piano, organ, violin, mandolin, guitar, banjo, cornet, trombone or any other instrument, by our wonderful new method. Write today for free booklet and full particulars of our free offer.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 27 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

The Burlington SMASHES All Watch Competition

The New Burlington is now ready!—and at record breaking prices. A superb watch, adjusted to the very second, guaranteed 25 years, sent to you for free examination and approval. No [illegible] shipped to you for your approval. See it first, then decide whether you will purchase. Send today for free booklet about our great watch offer.

$2.50 a Month

And all of this for $2.50—only $2.50 a month for the masterpiece of watch manufacture—direct to you—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay. Think of the high-grade, guaranteed watch, one of many at such a remarkable price.

Send for FREE Watch Book

Absolutely free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watches than you read. You will be able to select the one of these new-priced watches which you like better. Write today for our new watch book at once. (2)

BURLINGTON WATCH COMPANY 19th Street and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 8074 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Big Jake, shaking his fist toward the throng of redmen, but they only stood dumb.

A low, raucous laugh greeted the mad fury of the big woodsman. Amos still poised his pike-pole, ready for action. The laugh emanated from the throat of a queer-looking human who just at this moment toddled swayingly across the millyard.

A man it was, a man of medium height, yet broad of shoulder, his broad face completely swamped with its tangled mass of graying beard. The clothing covering the newcomer was of deerskin, his feet encased in wrappings of old bags such as the settlers used for hoarding grain.

Amos at once recognized [illegible] ing man as Doremud, a [illegible] of the cedar swamp that extended many miles back of Cedar Pond, and which was supposed to be inhabited by all sorts of wild animals, to say nothing of rattlesnakes.

It was this man's tracks that the small boy had seen when he reported that a bear was in the neighborhood. The movements of Doremud were very [illegible], and his movements were those of a man who has all the time in the world at his command.

"What you laughing at, you old fool!" yelled Big Jake, staring angrily at the slow-moving hermit.

"Why not [illegible] fellow thru [illegible] old Rand's b[illegible] you, Jake, and a p[illegible] well. Ho! Ho! Ho! [illegible] very funny."

"[illegible]ut up [illegible]"

"Why don't [illegible] t the boom, Jake? Ain't you the bully of The Dam? I've [illegible] cats. What's hendering you cutting the boom—jest a boy!"

"I'll take none of your sass, old man!" [illegible]

Something happened just then of a surprising nature. Altho Amos had known Doremud for more than a year, and he had during the time never seen him make a quick move, he saw him spring aside now, with the quickness of a prairie wolf, seize Big Jake by the collar and seat of his corduroy trousers, lift him as tho he were but a rag doll high above his head, make a spring to [illegible]

With [illegible] howl of [illegible] old Doremud, his heavy whisker-fringed jaws wide apart in the grin that showed [illegible]

[illegible] son with the old hermit. The threatened tragedy had resolved itself into the broadest kind of comedy, much to [illegible]tisfaction of our boy hero.

[illegible] of which the struggling [illegible] aged to lodge, and into the shelter of which he was drawn by one of his redskin friends.

The battle for the boom was over for the day. Big Jake made no attempt to renew hostilities, while his ear was jarred by the continuous hooting and [illegible] you're born!" were the last words sent forth by the discomfited white bully as the Mackinac boat moved away, urged [illegible]

Amos came ashore and shook the hand of [illegible]

"Coward, arter all, wasn't he?" chuckled Doremud.

[illegible]

Amos was at a loss himself, and so stated.

"Them cusses'll bear watchin'," muttered Doremud.

Amos agreed to this, also. The boy walked over to the mill whi[illegible] old Doremud squatted down at [illegible] the dock and continued [illegible] shaking his fist after [illegible] boat.

The boy was me[illegible] the mill door.

"What the Satan was the rip, Amos?" cried the head sawyer.

"They tried to cut our boom, Joe."

"Wasn't that white man [illegible] of old Nat Tracy's mill [illegible]"

"Sure thing, Joe."

"Ah, ha! I see."

The little Canuck sat down on a bunch of shingles, drew out his knife and began to whittle a pine stick he picked [illegible]

"You do see, Joe?"

"That I do, Amos. They want to spoil your dad's prospects in life. You see, by some mistake, a few of Nat Tracy's sawlogs got into our boom. He pretends that he will have to shut down his old mill—it ain't worth powder to blow it to Guinea, anyhow—unless he can get them logs instanter."

"But the bull-sawyer tells me he is sorting Tracy's logs out, sending them on as fast as he comes to them," said Amos.

"All true enough, but——"

"But what, Joe?" as the little man hesitated.

"That's too slow to suit old Nat. He's dead mad at Major Rand."

"Why should he be mad at my father?"

"Jealous, I s'pose, because the Major is making more money in the lumber business than he is. Old Tracy's a cheat and a four-flusher. They say he never pays his hands if he can get out of it. No doubt it would please him to get any loose logs he can lay his hands on, and see your dad busted, besides. We'll catch him at that, tho, Amos," laughed [illegible] sawyer, in conclusion.

No further trouble resulted during the day, but Amos distrusted Big Jake and his red allies, and made up his mind to watch the boom thru the night.

He loaded both shotgun and rifle, filling his powderhorn, also cutting enough slugs out of a sheet of lead to make several charges. Joe Tevier agreed to sleep with his clothes on and one eye open, ready to come to the rescue should need require.

Without saying anything to his mother, Amos crept out of the house after she had retired, going down to the river, secreting himself in the bushes not far from the [illegible], with both guns at hand ready for instant use.

CHAPTER XI.

THAT was to prove a long night to Amos Rand. Being well armed as he was, he felt no fear for the safety of the boom, but he did fear that he might have to do somebody bodily harm in order to protect his father's property.

To kill a man would be dreadful, he thought, and his mother would surely go into spasms if anything of the kind took place. It was because of this fact that our boy hero said nothing of his intentions to his mother. He did not wish to [illegible] her needless worry. It might be that the boom-cutters after the day's experience would give over their villainous designs.

An inkling of what had taken place during the day got to the ears of Mrs. Rand. When she questioned her son, he made light of the circumstance, declaring that a drunken man had made a [illegible] at cutting the boom, but that it [illegible] to nothing serious.

The [illegible] was starlight, for which Amos was thankful, since it rendered objects visible for a considerable distance, especially along the river. He waited anxiously for a long time, his [illegible] by his anxious [illegible]. He expected to hear the dip of [illegible] passed with [illegible] insects, one break[illegible] watchful waiting.

[illegible] the boy in hiding shifted his position. Nothing came of it. The Ottawas and their drunken white leader were doubtless deep in slumber at their camp on Glare Island, and he, Amos, was a ninny to think there was any danger.

He looked for the return of his father [illegible] his parent again met his gaze. Deep in dozing half-consciousness, Amos half sprang to his feet at the sound of cracking twigs [illegible]

Laying tight hold of his rifle, he knelt [illegible] drew the hammer. He listened intently. Dead silence again. Amos was thinking of resuming his recumbent position when a tall human [illegible] starlight [illegible] the crafty Ottawas were stealing upon him from the bush.

"Halt, you villain!"

The boy sent the words out with de[illegible] boldness. He might have kept silent, only he did not wish to shed blood, and imag[illegible] bold front might drive off the [illegible] without such a [illegible]

"[illegible]low [illegible] from the tall intruder [illegible] surprise Amos.

"So I'm a villain, am I, Amos?"

The tall figure advanced and stood leaning toward the kneeling boy in the [illegible]

"Wh[illegible] in tunket are you doing here, [illegible]

"[illegible] outlaws, eh?" grunted [illegible] just as if there was any sich critters in these parts."

"Sit down, Cave, and I'll tell you about it."

The tall boy did as requested, and his friend made him acquainted with the situation as it actually existed.

"Oh, well, that's nothing," grunted [illegible] the past few days' happenings. "I saw the grand manipulator o' the whole thing—up ter Windigo."

"Who was that?"

"A yellow-faced white with Injin blood in his heart."

"Can you mean Andrew Studfield?" breathed Amos.

"That's his handle, old pard."

"You saw him at Windigo?"

"Yes."

"When, Cave?"

"This morning."

"What was he doing?"

"He was at the Windigo House in chat wi' a swarthy oldish man who hails from Saginaw. The Saginaw fellow was a rich old guy, and the two talked pine logs, lumber, timber lands, sawmills, yards and profits. A lot of stuff such a feller's me ain't s'posed to know anything about. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"A pine land speculator, of course, Cave."

"I reckon."

"Well?"

"What you want, Amos, to know about, anyhow?"

"About the trend of talk you overheard between Andrew Studfield and that land speculator from Saginaw, Cave."

"I don't know's I can tell exactly all they said, Amos," pursued Cave Wickett, "but I'll try and give you an inklin' of the plot, let you figger it out yourself."

"I'll do that, Cave."

"Hist! What was that?"

Tall Cave Wickett squatted suddenly low in the bushes. He seemed to scent danger as keenly as a dog or rabbit. Amos turned, glancing in the direction his friend was at that moment gazing—toward the farther shore of the river.

"There's some one moving over yonder, Amos."

This was true, a boat moving down the stream with extreme caution. Another Mackinac boat. Amos could see easily enough, and there were several men within it. Cave crept close to Amos, laying a hand on his arm, whispering, "Injins, by thunder, Amos!"

And our boy hero agreed with the surmise of the other. The boat passed on, however, going down the stream till lost to sight in the dim distance.

"Nobody hurt, after all," chuckled Cave.

Amos sat silent a minute, then said, bluntly: "It's old Keotawbe and his redskins. They are leaving this part of the country. Wonder if Big Jake is with them."

"Not likely."

The hour was approaching midnight. It did not seem to Amos that there was likely to be any demon-tration against the boom, after all. His precautions, however, were properly taken, and he knew that his father would approve when he heard about it.

Cave Wickett sat down beside his boy friend and talked with considerable earnestness. He explained his presence here at this time of night by saying that he had been up in the cedar swamp looking after some traps that afternoon, that he ate lunch, or rather supper, with old Doremud, from whom he learned of the assault on the boom that day.

"Remembering what I heard at the Windigo House, concluded [illegible] I put this [illegible] that together, and reckoned this boom [illegible] might have something to do with what them two men were confabbing about, that's why I decided to call on you late as 'twas. I travel about nights a good deal, so nobody's surprised when I rap on their windows at late hours. I went to your house, saw all was dark and made up my mind I'd best go home and see you in the morning, when, in making a short cut down the shore, I ran upon you here watching the boom."

"I am glad you take such an interest, Cave——"

"Oh, that's all right, Amos," broke in the tall boy. "I'd go sled length to do you a good turn. You and your ma certainly saved my life once, such things I never forget."

"I don't imagine there was any lifesaving done, Cave," smiled Amos, remembering how Cave had been cared for at his home while suffering with a [illegible] Amos, I [illegible] and now please tell me about Randolph Strake and the yellow-faced Studfield."

"Was it R. Strake the fellow was chinning up to, pard," queried the [illegible] surprised Cave Wickett.

"I imagine so. M[illegible] Strake is a Saginaw lumberman, [illegible] he wants to buy out dad. I never liked the cut of his jib, and now that he has appeared in this part of the State in communication with [illegible] Studfield, it looks to me [illegible] African in the woodpile is soon to reveal [illegible]"

"Go to it, pard! It's worse than a nig[illegible]

Our boy hero had studied it out in the [illegible]

[illegible] attention of Amos Rand. Filing down in the shadow of the mill came a dozen forms, Indians, judging from the long blankets. The war was on in earnest, it seemed. With Amos' quick "Hist!" Cave dropped into the shadow of the thicket, drawing from an unseen source a long rifle.

"Plug it to 'em, Amos!" he whispered. "[illegible] "Remember, no bloodshed if we can avoid it."

"But the boom

"Mustn't be cut if we shoot the whole gang full of holes!"

That was emphatic and to the point. With glistening eyes and quick-drawn breath, tall Cave Wickett leaned angularly forward, with raised gun, expectant of battle. Amos desired nothing so much as victory without bloodshed—but they must not cut the boom!

Big Jake leading, having partially recovered from his potations of the day, made directly toward the boom, glittering ax in hand. The boys in hiding saw the glitter of steel in the moonlight as the axman rushed forward.

Amos raised his own rifle, allowing the shotgun to rest at his feet.

"Don't shoot till I give you leave," he whispered, turning aside to address his companion.

The latter crawled forward, tense with excitement.

"They'll cut the boom!" grated Cave. "Don't ye see his ax?"

"I see, but hold in," replied Amos, fearful lest his excited friend spoil matters by being too precipitate. "Nobody is going to be killed if I can help it."

Big Jake, swinging his ax, ran lightly across the sawdust-covered ground till he reached the dock above the end of the boom; here he hesitated for one moment. The time to act had come. Quickly Amos tossed his rifle to the curve of his shoulder.

Before our hero could take action, a long, dark barrel shot past [illegible] the rifle of Cave Wickett.

"Blame his skin!" hissed the voice of the lean hunter lad, "he's going to use the ax! Take that, you drunken hound!"

With the last words came a flash and ripping report. The man on the dock threw up his hands and fell backward into the river!

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

A Short Speech.

A book entitled "Coke of Norfolk and His Friends" gives a picture of an earlier period of English rural life when there was more of a feeling of equality between land owners and their tenants than exists today, and describes a dinner given at the end of the sheep-shearing season.

The shortest speech on record at the clipping is the following. It came from a farmer who had never observed taking efforts to rise to his feet, but had been pulled back by his companions. Suddenly Coke noticed what was going on, and interfered.

"I see," he said, "that the good fellow has something to say to us. Pray let him speak."

The man, thus encouraged, rose triumphantly to his feet and hammered on the table. Profound silence at once reigned thru the room, and he delivered himself as follows:

"Maister Coke and gentlemen, what I wish to say is—if more landlords would doe as Maister Coke he doe, there'd be less doe as they doe doe!" And amid thunders of applause he reseated himself.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

[illegible] Cream and Skin Food [illegible] pimple, blemish [illegible] used for years, and hundreds are now [illegible] and are more than delighted with the results [illegible] ten (10) cents for formula which you can have [illegible] any drug store at a very small cost. Do not [illegible] but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

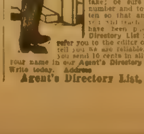
AGENTS WANTED

FISH WILL BITE

[illegible] in any water if you use guaranteed **OVEE FISH LURE**. Most successful. [illegible] Ovee Traps catch fish where all others fail. **AGENTS WANTED.** Trial Box or Trap Free. OVEE LURE CO., Dept. 30, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves any time if you use MAGIC-FISH LURE. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write today and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. **J. F. GREGORY, Dept. 17, St. Louis, Mo**

BIG MAIL FREE!



Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose [illegible] and addresses are hard to get and are [illegible] AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST [illegible] fully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to [illegible] We have been [illegible] Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

THE BUILDER.

The child with building blocks so gay.
A tiny tower of Babel rears.
The alphabet in wild array
Before his careless gaze appears
Without regret he sees the fall,
And soon in sturdier mood will go
In answer to youth's stirring calls
And build a fortress all of snow.

He makes a house to call his own,
He works with unremitting zeal
To face a tower of splendid stone
Upon a skeleton of steel.
A city great he helps to raise
Which future students may explore.
Unearthed to scientific gaze.
Man is a builder, evermore.

DIPLOMACY.

"Papa," began Bobby one evening after dinner. "Now, things is awful high nowadays."

"You don't tell me!" his father exclaimed, as he laid down his newspaper. "Who says so? No really reliable person, I am sure."

"Well, anyhow, they are," Bobby persisted, laughing uncertainly. "Mamie Kelly she said her father was awful mad to have to get new 'rithmetics again. Why, gee, it was only a little while ago we had new ones and they cost awful! Nellie Foster says it's always shoes or new books to buy, but her mother is a peach and she don't scold her. Now, Sam's father he acts just like as if Sam went to work specially to make holes in shoes and things just 'cause he ain't got anything else to do.

"One day we was all sliding down some boards the workmen left over in the big lot and when it came Sam's turn there was a big nail sprung up and tore a great hole in his pants. It was one of those here jaggy holes and Sam said the tailor told him it wasn't scarcely worth mending. You see, he stopped over to the tailor's on Aunt Mary's street to ask. He thought maybe he could get it all done without anybody knowing it, but the old tailor had to go and act like that and so he had to show the hole to his folks. I told him then that there was things I did hate, like taking medicine and having to be polite, but I was thankful to goodness my folks wasn't so awful cranky about things that happen."

"Thanks for the compliment," his father said dryly, "To what is it leading?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean," Bobby said hastily. "But anyhow, Scrubby and I we took Sam for a partner playing marbles over at Billy's 'cause we felt sorry for him. Sam makes me tired all over, but I sure was some sorry for him. We found a fine dry place for marbles, but it had to go and rain and spoil it all. That feller that lives in the new pink flats he wants to play for keeps and we didn't know that, but it was only once we played with him. He's the feller they call Mike, but he's got some kind of a funny name his mother got out of a book. Anyhow, he comes when you holler Mike, and he ain't so worse, only he does want to play for keeps."

"That's a rule we don't break," said Bobby's father.

"Oh, I know that, all right," Bobby acknowledged hastily. "And gee, I wouldn't want to be the kind of luck I get! Billy he's a worse player than me, but I'm next worst. The trouble is I ain't got any shooter that's worth shucks. You see when we got thru playing with Mike he walked off with a lot of our marbles and we ain't got anything hardly worth while left.

"Of course," Bobby explained hastily, "we didn't know we was playing for keeps, but we never thought to ask 'em was he, and he just took 'em and we couldn't say a thing.

"Now, of course, there was Sam and he was all cleaned out and he dassent say a word to ask anybody of his folks for some more. He didn't have such a great lot, anyhow, spite of his always boasting on what he's got. He talks like a tin lizzie about all the things he's got and he ain't got hardly anything. Well, anyhow, he felt awful bad that he didn't have but a few marbles left and them no good. We fellers we didn't pay scarcely any attention to him, but Nellie Foster she told me that Susie said she thought us fellers hadn't acted square. I don't care a darn what Susie goes around saying, but by jinks she ain't got any right to make Nellie Foster and everybody think we ain't acted square.

"I should think not," Bobby's father agreed.

"Anyhow, I got the fellers together and we up and divvied with Sam. O' course that was easy for Billy and the rest of 'em, but it ain't so nice for me and Scrubby. We ain't got but about three left now. It was that very same afternoon I seen that boy from the south side that's cousin to Aunt Mary's hired man, out on the farm. Well, he's here for a couple of days, 'cause he's going to go out West to live—and, say, but he's got a swell lot o' marbles!"

"He'll cut quite a dash out West."

"Not on your life," Bobby said fervently. "He's going on a ranch where he's the only feller and he says he ain't going to have any use for any marbles."

"I suppose he'll give them to the deserving poor, then. Maybe to some Belgian boy."

"Give them!" Bobby repeated scornfully. "I guess you don't know him! I should say not. He's a feller who's on the make, you bet! He wants, well an awful lot."

"Some millionaire's son will get them, I suppose?"

"Oh, gee, no!" Bobby said hastily. "I got the refusal of 'em."

"For how long?"

"Till tonight, till I could see you."

"Oh!" his father said. "And what have I to do with it?"

"Everything," Bobby said boldly. "You see, I haven't got the fifty cents."

"Well," his father sighed. "It might have been a worse comeback. I haven't fifty cents to my name, but here are two quarters, if they will do as well."

This Is My Offer to Investors

Purchasers of Original Shares in My First Company Earned 300% Profit a Month. Many Had Invested Less Than $100. This Offer May Mean Even Bigger Profits for Those Who Join Me Now!

This Offer Expires May 10th

DEVELOPING oil properties is the greatest profit-paying business in the world today. It is the most wonderful business in the history of the world. Here in the Coastal Oil Belt where single wells often come in with initial production of 15,000 to 20,000 barrels of oil a day, and oil selling up to $1.30 a barrel at the well, millions of dollars are being earned by all classes of investors, from the man who can afford to invest only a few dollars a month to the man who can invest thousands.

Small Investors Made Staggering Profits

I am the original Henry H. Hoffman who organized the Hoffman Oil Company, the Hoffman Deep Well Company and the Hoffman Goose Creek Company, besides several others. These three companies alone have earned investors OVER A MILLION DOLLARS IN LESS THAN TWO YEARS. My first company earned shareholders $29 for every $1 invested in original shares of the company WITHIN NINE MONTHS. Here's what some of my investor friends got for coming in with me:

One man invested $70. In nine months' time this small sum grew into $1,906.70. Two ladies invested $34 each and within nine months' time each got back over $2,200. One man invested $670, and when the profits were divided he received over $18,000 as his share. Many others profited in proportion, at the rate of $29 for every $1 invested in the original shares of the company.

This Is My Offer

Now I am organizing a great, new oil company which is to be named The Hoffman Oil & Refining Corporation. This company controls vast acreage in the famous HUMBLE and GOOSE CREEK oil fields —the same fields where my other companies made such a wonderful success. My new company already has an income from production of about 1,000 barrels a day that amounts to about $1,250 a day, or at the rate of nearly $450,000 a year. Our BIG refinery is now in course of construction and should be completed in a short time. The first section will be capable of handling about 1,000 barrels of oil daily, and the net profit from each barrel should average $2.50, or $2,500 daily, or $900,000 annually. This is undoubtedly one of the biggest investment offers that was ever made in the history of oil, for I expect to make bigger profits for those who join me NOW than was ever made by shareholders in any of my previous companies.

No matter how MUCH or how LITTLE you can afford to invest, you have an equal opportunity to come into my new company on the same basis with others, according to the amount you wish to invest. My new company is selling shares the same as my first company—par value $10. But for a limited time, until May 10th, I offer early buyers shares at less than one-third of the par value, or $3.00 a share. Those who can not afford to pay all cash with order may pay in easy monthly payments.

But This Offer Is Positively Limited to May 10th; Prices Will Positively Be Advanced on That Date

Clip Out and Send in One of These Coupons NOW. Don't Delay; Do it Before You Lay This Paper Aside. It May Be the Making of Your Fortune!

Mr. Henry H. Hoffman, President,
Hoffman Trust Company, Trustees,
527 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir: Please send me full details of the plans of the Hoffman Oil & Refining Corporation and particulars of your special offer to investors.

Name .....

Address .....

Mr. Henry H. Hoffman, President,
Hoffman Trust Company, Trustees,
527 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir: I hereby subscribe for ..... shares in the Hoffman Oil & Refining Corporation and enclose remittance to cover initial payment. Please acknowledge promptly.

Name .....

Address .....

BULK ORDER PRICES AND TERMS

No. Shares	Cost Now	Par Value	Saving	Terms Now	
5 Shares	$ 15.00	$ 50.00	$ 35.00	$ 5.00 Cash	$ 4.00 Monthly
10 Shares	30.00	100.00	70.00	9.00 Cash	7.00 Monthly
25 Shares	75.00	250.00	175.00	18.75 Cash	18.75 Monthly
50 Shares	150.00	500.00	350.00	37.50 Cash	37.50 Monthly

No. Shares	Cost Now	Par Value	Saving	Terms Now	
100 Shares	$ 300.00	$1000.00	$ 700.00	$ 75.00 Cash	$ 65.00 Monthly
200 Shares	600.00	2000.00	1400.00	150.00 Cash	125.00 Monthly
300 Shares	900.00	3000.00	2100.00	185.00 Cash	125.00 Monthly
500 Shares	1500.00	5000.00	3500.00	187.50 Cash	187.50 Monthly

NOTE: No fewer than five shares to any one purchaser. Present offer expires May 10th.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1898, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 an Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

A man's idea of a good resolution is one that will stretch.

Labor's worst enemy is the working man who won't work.

Some women find that a new hat is a good cure for a headache.

Remember that there are some things which should be forgotten.

Politicians like to have lots of people know them, but not too well.

Men who have been crossed in love think that the joke is on the girl.

Man's greatest responsibility is woman—and she never lets him shirk it.

Tho the judge never sits on the jury, he frequently does on the lawyers.

It is easy to make apologies for other people, as the job does not have to be first class.

Your personal history doesn't have to repeat itself. Your neighbors will attend to that.

It is better to love the person you can't marry than to marry the person you can't love.

Many a fool man, after putting his foot in it, isn't satisfied until he gets there with both feet.

Not every man who has sense enough to mind his own business is willing to let it go at that.

A fish diet may not strengthen the brain, but a little fishing trip invigorates the imagination.

If women were unable to see the fine clothes other women wear they would have fewer wrinkles.

When a candidate places himself in the hands of his friends they massage his pocketbook freely.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Many of the new waists slip on over the head.

Gray is more of a favorite than white fox.

The smartest capes have a distinctly military air.

Primrose yellow is a popular color for debutantes.

Sweaters in every color, sport coats of every kind are loosely belted.

The loosely woven woolen sweater which slips over the head is fashionable.

Gay stitchery, beads and worsteds are all used to give color to white velour costumes.

Front-lacing corsets have come to stay. It is said of them that they give a much more beautiful back line.

White kid gloves with cerise kid lining were seen in an exclusive shop. The cuffs are turned back to reveal the vivid color.

Evening dresses are apt to have a bodice of silk with a full skirt of lace or tulle which gives a good opportunity to make over an old evening dress.

New spring gloves are of wash chamois with black stitching, also a new kind of French kid, which is said to wash well and not change color if the hands perspire.

The fact that smart women at Palm Beach wore a quantity of one-piece frocks made of muslin, gingham and other varieties of inexpensive cotton goods has shown the way to a revival of an old fashion.

Over hats that show little or no trimming, decorative veils are draped. Circular veils are much used for this purpose. The long portion of the veil is worn around the crown of a hat so that the face has a fine, dainty mesh falling over it.

HEALTH NOTES.

When the edges of the eyelids are red and inflamed they should be treated nightly with a healing preparation.

For croup in children have ready at hand a mixture of powdered alum and sugar—two parts sugar to one of the alum. Give a little of this (about the size of a navy bean) as quickly as possible when the cough comes on, and you will find quick relief.

Where the morning tub is not convenient a Turkish towel wrung out of cold water and rubbed thoroly over the body serves as an excellent tonic, stimulating the functions of the skin, besides stirring a lagging circulation, which is common during these days of early spring.

Styes are annoying, and as the ounce of prevention in this case cannot be given one must have recourse to the pound of cure. In the beginning of a stye, cold applications sometimes prove helpful, but after pus has formed hot applications are more desirable. As soon as pus has formed, an outlet should be made and until this is done it will not get well. Use the point of a sharp needle that has been dipped in boiling water.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Use snap fasteners to fasten baby's rompers. They will save time and patience. Use them also on the shoulder fastenings of the infants' petticoats. The snap fasteners are most helpful in attaching the inevitable white collar to the dark serge or silk dress. They obviate any struggling to get the collar into proper condition.

Always mend your stockings on the wrong side, and do not begin too close to the hole. Use small stitches and at the end of each line leave a loop which will allow for shrinking. Make each line of stitches a little longer than the preceding line, until you reach the center of the hole, when the number of stitches should be decreased. In this manner you will have a diamond-shaped darn. Pass your needle under and thru the frayed loops of the stocking, and bring them to the wrong side. If done correctly nothing should show on the right side of the stocking but the woven stitches on the darn.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When the color has been taken out of black goods it may be restored by the application of liquid ammonia.

A piece of burlap about the size of a tea towel is very good for rubbing up the kitchen range each morning. It does not burn readily.

An oblong piece of zinc fastened to one end of the ironing board is a great convenience and time saver. No hunting for the regulation stand and no scorched pad.

To extinguish flames from petroleum, pour milk over them and they will be put out immediately, for the milk forms an emulsion with the oil and prevents the fire from spreading.

"I find I can entirely prevent the annoying sticking of the butter if I first scald the mold, then rub it well with salt and cool in ice water. The butter then molds perfectly," says a certain clever housewife.

To clean a white satin hat buy a five-cent block or square of magnesia at the druggist's and rub over the satin. Use plenty of magnesia, covering every bit of hat. Leave for a few days. Then turn the hat upside down and shake off what is loose. If you do not like the appearance of the hat go over it again, using plenty of magnesia and taking pains to do a good job.

RECIPES.

PEANUT SANDWICHES—Chop or grind in a food chopper the desired amount of freshly roasted peanuts, season with salt to taste and mix to a smooth paste with thick sweet cream. Spread on thin slices of graham or whole wheat bread, which have been slightly buttered, and form into sandwiches. Cut into rounds with a cooky cutter.

QUICK EGG SOUP—Stir a teaspoonful of beef extract into a quart of boiling water, add a grated onion, celery salt, salt and pepper to taste. Pour boiling hot into a tureen with four tablespoonfuls of boiling rice and two well-beaten eggs. Stir in hot. Any portion of cold cooked vegetable may make a palatable soup if put thru a sieve, added to hot milk, seasoned and thickened as usual.

RICE WITH STRAWBERRIES—Put two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler. Wash one-half cupful of rice thoroly and add to the boiling milk. Let it simmer two hours; then add one-half teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When cold add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and put into a mold, which has been dipped into cold water. Place in refrigerator; when cold turn out on deep plate and cover with whipped cream and crushed strawberries, which have been mixed with the sugar, leaving a place around the edge. Use a few berries to garnish the top.

MERELY PRESCRIBING.

A witty young doctor, being called to attend a very plain old lady, and finding little the matter with her, humorously suggested marriage as the only cure.

"You are single, are you not?" she asked.

"Yes, madam; but doctors only prescribe remedies; they do not take them," was the reply.

WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO?

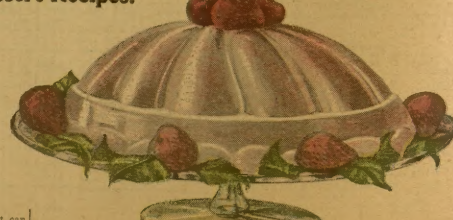
PROF. H. STRAUSS, M. D., of the Royal Charity Hospital, Berlin, says, "The cause for an attack of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, is supplied by the increase of uric acid in the blood serum, the result of various causes the most frequent of which is rental. Before an attack, one suffers sometimes from headache, neuralgia, twinges of pain here and there or confined to a single locality." Dr. Levison and Dr. Strauss both hold that a long continued disturbance of the kidney function, resulting in an accumulation of uric acid in the blood serum, causes these painful afflictions.

When you feel like lumps of lead, when the back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; when you suffer with sick-headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach; or you have the rheumatic pains of lumbago, gout, sciatica, when the weather is bad, do not neglect the warning, but try simple means.

As DR. STRAUSS says, the amount of fluid should be regular and distributed thru the day. Take six or eight glasses of water thru the day, a glass of lukewarm water at night just before going to bed, or a pint of hot water a half hour before meals (with onehalf teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda.)

Then obtain at your nearest drug store ANURIC, double or triple strength. This is the best thing to act as a tonic so that the kidneys will filter out the uric acid poison. ANURIC, double or triple strength, is more potent than lithia, and in most cases it will dissolve the uric acid as hot water does sugar.

Simple Dessert Recipes.



ELSIE'S DELIGHT.

Dissolve a package of Lime Jiffy-Jell according to directions on package. Pour into sherbet or wine glasses, filling them about two-thirds full. Dissolve the package of strawberry Jiffy-Jell according to directions on package. When partly cooled beat with an egg beater until thick. Pour this on top of the Lime Jiffy-Jell and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream and maraschino cherry on top.

FRUIT SALAD.

1 package lemon Jiffy-Jell, 1 pint can pineapple, 1 tablespoon grape juice, 6 oranges, 2 bananas.

Dissolve Jiffy-Jell in part of orange juice by placing same over hot teakettle. Arrange the sliced fruit in bowl and pour the cooled Jiffy-Jell, also the remaining pineapple juice and orange juice, over it. Serve with whipped cream. (Scald pineapple juice before using.)

These recipes have been tested and approved by Miss Mildred Maddocks, director of Good Housekeeping Institute. Be sure to send for the free recipe book and try the seventeen delicious dishes described—as Snow Pudding, Apricot Whip, Supreme Salad, Berry Frappe, Our Own, Tomato Aspic, Grapefruit Relish and many others. Address Recipe Department, W. D. Boyce Co., 500-514 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Ledger Embroidery

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra. These designs are stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described. You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is no easy to get them. Any person can get one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH ORDER.

CHICAGO LEDGER, 500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Embroidery Department:—

Enclosed please find $.....for.....subscription to the.....(Name Time)
(Ledger or Blade or Both)
Please send me free of all cost the embroidery outfit No.....

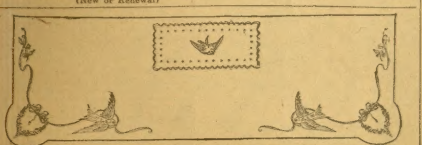
NAME.....

P. O.....

Street No. or R. F. D.....

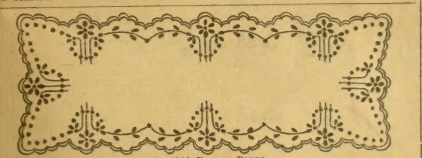
Town.....State.....

This is a.....Subscription.
(New or Renewal)



No. 5069, Bluebird Bureau Set.

NO. 5069, BLUEBIRD BUREAU SET—18x52 inches, and a pincushion, size 6x14 inches, to match, both of which are plainly stamped in blue on white linen. We also include in this offer six skeins of embroidery floss for working. This set is given for $1.50 in subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger.



No. 4011, Bureau Cover.

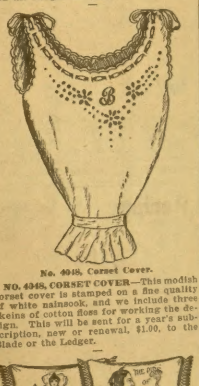
NO. 4011, BUREAU COVER—Conventional pattern, the design is stamped on 17x42-inch white linen. We include four skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Given for one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger, for $1.50.

No. 2005, Baby's Kimono.

No. 2005, BABY'S KIMONO—Conventional design, is stamped on white linen. We also include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering the design. This will be given for $1.50 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

No. 5079, Child's Dress.

No. 5079, CHILD'S DRESS—Beautifully designed and stamped on 1½ yards of white lawn or nainsook. We include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Sent with one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger for $1.50.



No. 4048, Corset Cover.

NO. 4048, CORSET COVER—This modish corset cover is stamped on a fine quality of white nainsook, and we include three skeins of cotton floss for working the design. This will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, $1.00, to the Blade or the Ledger.

Nos. 5061 and 5062, Smoker Pillow Tops.

NOS. 5061 AND 5062, SMOKER PILLOW TOPS.—If you intend to give a sofa pillow top to your brother or to a friend to help make his room cozy, give him one of these smoker pillow tops, which are tinted in elaborate colors on 17x21-inch fan ticking. You may have your choice of either of these pillow tops, including a back and four skeins of colored floss for working, if you will send us $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger. Order by number.

His Scheme.

A small boy who was not familiar with country ways was taken by his fond mother for a short stay in the country.

On a farm in a neighboring county he gazed fat and unburnt, and picked up a wondrous store of astonishing experiences.

One day the farmer, who had kept his eye on the boy, smilingly said to the mother: "Just ask your boy why he hid two eggs in the stable."

So the very first opportunity the mother said to the 6-year-old:

"My dear, what did you do with those eggs you took from the henhouse?"

"I hid them in the stable," answered the boy.

"And what for?" asked his mother.

"'Cause it's my scheme."

"Your scheme? And what is your scheme?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken house they is always little chickens, and I fink if they was borned in a stable they might be little horses."

Polite.

A lady in the suburbs was considerably annoyed to find her neighbor's fowls continually overrunning her garden and playing havoc with the geraniums.

"Go round to the next door, Jane," she said to the maidservant, "and point out to Mrs. ——— that her fowls bother us a good deal, and ask if she'll kindly try to keep them at home."

The girl returned with a satisfied look on her face. "I don't fancy we shall 'ave 'em round 'ere again in a 'urry, ma'am," she replied.

"I hope you were polite, Jane," remarked her mistress.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," came the reply. "'Missus's respects,' I see, 'and if your fowls ain't kep' at 'ome you won't be gettin' so many eggs of a mornin', and we shall be eatin' poultry.'"

After a man has kept you awake all night by his snoring he usually tells you that he didn't sleep a wink.

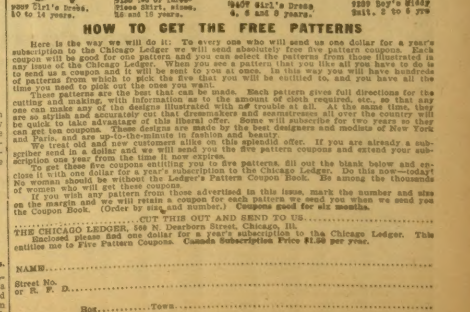
PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

9807 Coat with Full Sides, 34 to 42 bust.
9390 Serrel Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.
9404 Coat Sailor, Small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, Large, 42 or 44 bust
9354 Blouse with Chemisette Front, 34 to 44 bust,
9370 Eight Gored Skirt with Gathered Yoke, 24 to 30 waist.
9399 Fancy Bodice, 34 to 42 bust.
9393 Skirt with Straight Lower Edge, 24 to 32 waist.



9250 Misses' Blouse, sizes 14 and 16 yrs.
9236 Two or Three-Piece Skirt, sizes, 14 and 16 years.
9407 Girl's Dress 4, 6 and 8 years.
9239 Boy's Blouse Suit, 2 to 6 yrs
9200 Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely five free pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated and be perfectly satisfied with it. At the same time, they are stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons.

These designs are made by the best designers and models of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

Are you a old and new customers alike on the splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Do it among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 508 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME.....

Street No. or R. F. D.....

Box.....Town.....

This is a.....Subscription.
(New or Renewal)

State.....

THE FAIRY CORNER

THE ROAD TO FUN.

Hey, little laddie with shining eyes,
Whistling as you run,
There is a question puzzles me—
Which is the road to Fun?

One signboard points to the meadow path
Where the ripe strawberries gleam,
Another one says the nearest way
Lies by the old mill stream.

And one leads straight to old red barn
Crowded with frisking calves—
Oh, so many signboards puzzle me—
Which is the "truly" ways?

So, little lad, I shall follow you,
Follow you as you run,
For where is the boy who does not know
The shortest road to Fun?

AN ELOPEMENT.

"It isn't as if he had ever been a wild squirrel; I have been his mother ever since he was a teeny, weeny baby, so he must be quite happy, you see." And the little girl pushed her cheek lovingly against the soft, brown fur, and looked with reproachful eyes at the visitor, who had pitied "Beauchamp's" cap'ivity. The child had disgraced him one day in a strange-smelling shop.

"'Ere's a little beauty," the shopkeeper had said, as he dexterously caught a toy ball from a cage containing a white cat and a family of kittens. "It's a regular hopera and going dirt cheap, I'll let you set the little squirrel upon the counter."

At any other time the little girl would have been lost in admiration of the kits, but now she hardly noticed them. They seemed common beside this tiny stranger, which sat up on his hind legs, staring at the great new world.

The little girl stared, too, silent with pleasure. At last she gasped out, as she fumbled in her pocket:

"Oh, the little sweet! Oh, please, how much?"

The shopman wiped a smile from his mouth. "I'll tell you," he said, "seeing that I have taken a fancy to you, I'll let you 'ave 'im for three bob."

"And he was such a kind gentleman," the little girl told Uncle Alfred afterward, "he gave it to me for 2 shillings and 10 pence."

Fortunately she had not heard the "kind gentleman" mutter as she departed with empty pockets and a rustling bag, "Silly child; she'll never raise 'im."

However, to every one's surprise, Beauchamp prospered. The little girl sallied him Beauchamp, for when the squirrel arrived she was reading her first novel, "Sir Donald Beauchamp," a blue paper-covered book that had been lent her by the housemaid. So Sir Donald became the squirrel's godfather.

The name sounded funny enough for a squirrel, altho this little squirrel was very human in his habits. He occupied a doll's bed and on cold nights enjoyed the comfort of a hot water bottle.

The little girl thought him so exquisite that she used to spend hours watching him as he frisked about, while a mother's love shone in her brown eyes. She loved rather to watch herself, altho she did not know it, as she sat there crouched on the window-sill with her brown skirt and tumbled hair and funny little motions. And when there was no one present she would groom herself in a state of ecstasy.

"Oh, little son," she would say, "none of them were lovely like you, not the rabbits in the hutch, nor the little crabs on the shore. Your coat is like the sun shining on red gold and your nose is a ripe hazel-nut. And when you put it your nose, and your eyes are ponds of love. And your tail, oh, how sweet, your tail is more beautiful than words can utter."

And at this point the well-beloved tail would upset some ornament, and nurse's approaching tones would ripe shrill above the crash.

"There's that squirrel again, and stand it I must—longer I will not, for it eats all bearing, and so I'll tell my mistress."

If Beauchamp's appearance was faultless, his conduct was far from it, indeed. He seemed to take real joy in destruction. The sound of breaking china must have been as music in his tufted ears. But the climax came one day when the little girl had been left alone in the nursery and had let the squirrel out for a forbidden run. She was reading a fairy tale and forgot her cherished "son." Suddenly there was a crash. Starting up, she saw Beauchamp flurrying to and fro along the mantelpiece, clearing it rapidly with his arms-akimbo action of the hearth lay the ruins of broken china and photograph frames. The little girl turned sick with dismay. As she ran to go forward, the squirrel jumped upon the top of a picture that overhung the mantel shelf.

The little girl began breathlessly clambering toward the mantelpiece herself to capture Beauchamp. It was absolutely against the rules, but her first thought was to hide Beauchamp. She had barely time to catch him and stuff him into her pocket when the door opened and nurse appeared. The good woman stared in silence. Then the storm broke. The little girl cowered under the violent scolding, but could not have put in a word had she wanted to. Suddenly, with a thrill of joy, she realized that nurse thought the little girl had knocked down the china in a lawless attempt to scale the mantelpiece. The squirrel was not even mentioned. And when nurse departed the little girl took him from her pocket and shut him in his cage with a sigh of thankfulness.

"Oh, my darling," she said, "my little darling. They will stop my pocket money, and I did want to buy you a beautiful frying pan to hang up in your cage. Worse than that, it seems like

City Boarder—"Young man, what's the quickest way to git tanned?"
Willie—"Git in swimmin' when yer ma tells y' not to!"

telling a story. It makes me feel dreadful; but they shall not know it was you, never, never, never!"

But Uncle was not Beauchamp's only form of naughtiness. He was, as the shopman had said, "a regular nipper." He nipped curtains and shoes and books with equal satisfaction. Once when he had nipped the little girl he ran off and put himself into a corner and sat there until he was forgiven, a little ball of miserable apology.

Then one dreadful day he attacked Humphrey. The little girl declared that it was Humphrey's fault. The grown-ups thought the solemn little cousin a model visitor. But then they had not seen him feeding the cat with baked earth pills for the benefit of her health. Whether Beauchamp had been doctored, or whether he was only jealous of a little girl's affection, "who that says he needn't be," as she brutally remarked, certain it was that the squirrel hated Humphrey.

One day, as the squirrel was sitting on the table, enjoying his morning nuts, Humphrey suddenly tried to seize them. When the little girl looked up Beauchamp was sitting on the top of the curtain pole, gayly throwing down the nutshells, while poor little Humphrey stood in the middle of the room, blood dripping from his fingers, and almost too astonished to cry.

"Oh, Humphrey, dear, I'm so sorry!"

"Gee! Whizz! The fun I must have had!"

began the little girl. "Oh, don't cry, please; please don't cry. I'll give you my knife, and there's a bit of one blade left. I'll give you the currants I picked out of my cake yesterday, only don't cry. I'll let you be Beauchamp's uncle if you like. I'll let you be his grandfather, too, but don't tell them he bit you; and, oh, don't cry!"

But in spite of these lavish bribes the howl resounded thru the house; frightened elders poured in on every side.

As a consequence of this crime the squirrel was banished to the boxroom; but he was not lonely, for his devoted mother passed the greater part of her days in his society. Indeed, she was obliged to be put there, whenever he was let out, for a broken window made possible an escape to the roof. But one day when she was playing with him she was called downstairs, and meaning to return directly she did not wait to shut him up.

Suddenly in the middle of the night she awoke with a start of neglected duty. She slept alone, so no one heard her as she crept out and pattered upstairs to the boxroom. Beauchamp's bed was cold and empty. The moon was shining in at the window, and by its light she searched about.

A desperate idea came to her as she stood there shivering. Out on the landing stood a ladder, and up this she began to climb. There was a skylight at the top. The bolts were stiff, and the shutter itself was heavy, but at last with a gasp she pushed it up, and there she was standing on the flat roof.

"Oh, dear, dear, I hope they will not think I'm a burglar and shoot me," she faltered, forgetting that burglars are not usually dressed in small, scarlet dressing gowns.

She sat down beside a chimney and thought of the welcome. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks. The damp, salt taste was like the feeling in her heart. Suddenly, as she sat there, something sprang upon her shoulder, and with a little chirrup of satisfaction snuggled into her dressing gown.

"Oh, my sweet, my sweet!" sobbed the little girl as she cuddled the prodigal, a starved and unruly prodigal. For instead of a land of riot and plenty he had found only cold and hunger among the chimneys.

So it was a very repentant squirrel that was taken down and put to bed. And in the joy of homecoming the little girl forgot the pain that he had caused her.

Soon after this the little girl went to live in the country. Beauchamp went also, and now found escape easy. He did, indged, get loose on several occasions, but he always came home in a humbled and grateful mood. One day the little girl ran into the boxroom in an excited state.

"Oh, Beauchamp, what do you think?" she cried. "Oh, I've seen a little wild squirrel running about in the garden. At first I thought he was your grandson, and then I knew it couldn't be, because it was away. It was much thinner and teenier, and it had almost a white tail; Beauchamp, dear, I have asked it to come in and play with you, but I don't know if it will, because it wouldn't stay for sweet."

Beauchamp, who had been drinking water while he hung upside down, one of his favorite accomplishments, here tumbled headlong into the jug, and came out a dripping and deeply dud-tempered squirrel.

Every morning when the little girl took him his bread and milk, she half hoped to find he had a visitor. But she was disappointed, and about three days later she found that the bread and milk even her own little boy there to greet her. She ran into the garden with the cage and the saucer of milk, but no Beauchamp appeared. The desolate little pot of bread and milk stood all day untouched in the garden path and grew hard and dry. The little new squirrel, who had played so prettily about the garden, had vanished.

"He has run away with her!" sobbed the little girl. "And I loved him so! I got him that best wheel, and he almost no money left. And once I nearly told a dreadful story, all for him. I bought him roses, because he liked to eat the petals; they were two a penny, sometimes, and everybody said, What waste! She has stolen him from me days, and has stolen him away from me. Still I love him more than ever she can do."

But Beauchamp was far away. In the heart of the greenwood he frisked all day, playing with his dainty bride, happy with her in his freedom. And when the little birds began to go to bed, they, too, found a mossy hole, high up in the sheltering tree. And in the heart of the tree embroidered blankets that he had left behind nor of the empty cage, nor yet of the little empty heart.

A FAMOUS DRUMMER.

Perhaps you have all heard of the great composer Haydn—Joseph Haydn. When Haydn was a schoolboy he was a great drummer, and was always chosen when processions were to march thru the streets. He was much too small to carry a drum and beat it, it was mounted on the back of an equally small schoolboy, who marched in front of Haydn. Is it not strange that in all the band the drummer is the one who attracts the greatest attention, and the crowd is always thickest around him? The whole crowd must have been around Haydn when he marched thru the streets with his hunchback carrier in front of him, beating the drum with the same fervor with which he later composed his great oratorios.

1917 Spring Suit Free
A Wonderful amazing Offer
If you are a live wide-awake man we want you to get one of our elegant Spring suits, cost to YOU nothing. Not a penny to PAY. All we ask you to do is to show it to your friends and help introduce our famous Made-to-Measure Clothes.
$25 EXTRA A WEEK AND YOUR OWN CLOTHES FREE
Does it look good to you for a little spare time work? Then send us your name and we will send you full particulars of the WARNOCK PLAN. Remember, we are the largest manufacturers of made-to-measure clothes in America and you can rely on our statements.
NOTHING LIKE IT EVER OFFERED
Let us send you a sample of the cloth to say other Lexington House. We don't ask you for a penny—just want to show your clothes. Give us a new and better way. Write us a postal or letter and we will send you FREE
SPENCER, MEAD, COMPANY
Dept. 1263 CHICAGO

$1 a week buys a Black Beauty Bike
You must see and ride a Black Beauty Bicycle to appreciate how really different it is in looks, durability and speed defy imitation. PROVES IT at our risk.
Direct From Factory—On Approval
Let us send you a Beauty for 30 days' free trial. If you don't like it return at our expense. If you do like it, pay only $1 a week. Fifty Styles. Guaranteed For Five Years by the Largest Exclusive Cycle House in America. Five Models, 22 to 32 lbs. FREE—Black Beauty Color Catalog on request.
Haverford Cycle Co., Est. 1898, Dept. K, Phila., Pa.

The 1917 ARROW Electric Light
Great Bicycle Offer!
Write for catalog. Wonderful 1917 Arrow—new motorcycle type—speed up to 40 miles per hour—real economy—guaranteed—ready to ride. Write for our special, cash-before-offer-Write Today prices. Big commission to agents. Many handsome premiums. Agents' Sample Outfit Free. Write quick.
ARROW CYCLE CO., Dept. 20-T, Collection & 10th St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS
We are paying men and women from $25 to $50 a week—paid Cooper Hill in our section. Invited on 6 days to take orders for
Kamlekk Raincoats
It's easy. We furnish outfit free. Every style. Beautiful new fabrics. Exclusive designs. Big commissions. You only take orders.
We Deliver and Collect
No time wasted. No money invested. We do it for you.
Sample Coat Free
Write for our big offer. Complete outfit—all free! Hurry.
Kamlekk Mfg. Co.
Dayton, Ohio.
11 Akron Street

UNIFORMS
Base Ball, Band, Bell-Boys, Ushers, Firemen, W. O. W., Etc.
Catalog and samples free
Mention Kind Wanted.
Western Uniform Co.
202 S. Clark St. CHICAGO

BASEBALL CURVER
Put the hand, cannot be seen, with it you can throw all the curves. Boys, get this Base Ball curver and you can Pass Fan as fast as they come to bat. By mail 10c, 2 for 15c. Write with 25c for catalog of novelties.
ARDEA CO., Desk 15, Stamford, Conn.

Big League Book
Dealing with Live Topics of all the Big League Clubs. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Subscription for 1917, 52 issues, $5.00. Send for sample copy. The Baseball Digest, Inc. Just in time—The Baseball Digest